

Sports Illustrated

THE COLT STORY: PART 2

JANUARY 18, 1963

15 CENTS

SPORT AND SUN

Sue Peterson
in little-known
Baja California Sur





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Eiffel Tower, or the Arc de Triomphe.) Begin to pick up

another culture, another language.

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Let her take a close look



at fashion before the copies are made. Give her a chance to buy some of the world's most wanted perfumes. (The tax-free prices at Orly make even expensive perfume not so expensive.)

Then go to dinner at any of the 6,000 fine restaurants and order one of Paris' incomparable wines. Later, take in the opera, the theatre, some jazz on the Left Bank.

If in the excitement of the first few days you forget

about opening that branch office, at least

you will have branched out yourself.

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Contents

JANUARY 18, 1965 Volume 22, No. 3

Cover photograph by Jay Masiel

18 The Uproar in Philadelphia

The Big Five basketball teams have their private, intracity war in the Palestra every season

24 Was This Their Freedom Ride?

San Diego's Ron Mix tells the story behind the transfer of the AFL All-Star game from New Orleans to Houston

26 Rabbits Chase Kings

The 1965 professional golf tour begins in Los Angeles, with 200 rabbits pursuing the stars

Baja California Sur

34 The newest fashions in beachwear, photographed in color on the beautiful shores of Lower California

56 A look at a little-known resort that is full of fascination and fun. By Jack Olsen

42 Road to the Western Title

Coach Don Shula of the Baltimore Colts recalls last season and pinpoints the key plays. Second of two parts

50 A Bad Penny Shines Again

After 16 tumultuous years Terrible Ted Lindsay left hockey and went respectable. Now he's back, bad as ever

The departments

- | | |
|------------------|----------------------|
| 9 Scorecard | 55 Bridge |
| 34 Sporting Look | 70 For the Record |
| 49 People | 71 Basketball's Week |
| 50 Hockey | 73 19th Hole |
| 52 Track & Field | |



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Credits on page 70


Next week

HOCKEY'S SCORING record won't just be broken. It will be smashed to bits if the Black Hawks' Bobby Hull keeps up his present shooting streak. Bill Leggett looks at the breakaway.

THE GRANDEST RESORT of winter, St. Moritz, is entering its second century—old enough to be saturated deftly by André François but also full of new delights for travelers.

SPORTS-HAPPY WORKERS tend to be happy in their jobs, too. Bill Gilbert tells how U.S. industrial giants please employees with golf courses, bowling leagues and checkers trophies.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



The byline that appears more often than any other in these pages reads "by Mervin Hyman." In the fall it is signed to FOOTBALL'S WEEK; from December until April it is carried over BASKETBALL'S WEEK. From the volume of mail received in response to Merv Hyman's two Weeks we can only assume that our readers consider themselves participants.

The week behind the football and basketball Weeks begins with a conference between Hyman and his editors. Out of these meetings come assignments for more than two dozen SI stringers, part-time correspondents who are working newspapermen intimately acquainted with the players

The stringers not only attempt to tell the how and why but also look for fresh insights into the personalities who have played significant roles. Thus, during the football season, readers learn in passing how LSU Coach Charlie McClendon felt about the annual game with a hated rival, Ole Miss. LSU came within one point of a tie in the last minutes, then threw a two-point conversion pass to win 11-10. "Whenever considered kicking for a tie," said Charlie McClendon. "When you have to fight for your life it's nice to get a little extra out of it."

Merv Hyman is well equipped to produce his Weeks. He has been writing sports since the day he walked into the offices of the *Englewood (N.J.) Press*, a weekly newspaper in the town where he was born and still lives, and proposed that he be engaged on the spot as sports editor. Either impressed or flabbergasted by such audacity—Merv was 13 at the time—the proprietor agreed and quickly came to terms with him: a nickel an inch for everything printed.

Merv has been in sports ever since, as reporter, columnist, broadcaster and, since our first issue in 1954, as factotum of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Always he has made it a point to get out and cover as many events as possible. During the football season he sees a game a week, at basketball time he may see a dozen. He makes a football spring-training tour (12,000 miles last year), attends coaching clinics and is in demand as a speaker—sometimes, he suspects ruefully, because of mistaken identity. Merv bears a striking resemblance to Green Bay's Vince Lombardi, his old friend from Englewood.

Thoroughgoing as the Hyman Weeks are, there are always readers who complain that their schools are overlooked. To this charge Merv answers: "Absolutely not. With more than 1,000 colleges playing basketball and 600 playing football, I just have to be selective." If he gives your school a miss this week, keep reading. It may be there next time.



"WEEK" MAN MERVIN HYMAN

and coaches involved in the games to be covered. Because Hyman prefers to sift and review a maximum number of facts before compressing the results into four or five compact columns of type, dispatches from stringers run from 350 to 800 words and are written for SI readers who frequently already know who won but want the week's activities brought into perspective.

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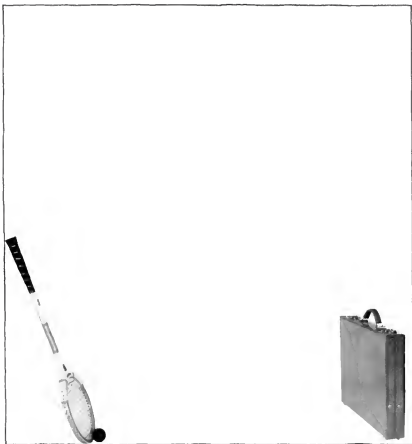
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For sports-minded men of business, a question:



Question: What does this new
and provocative book (just published) share in common



with the 52 uncommon books pictured below?



Answer: All 53 of these books first appeared in the regular issues of FORTUNE magazine

Read end to end, the fifty-three books pictured at the bottom of this page add up to a literature of business. "Understanding Corporations" . . . "Why Do People Buy?" . . . "The Exploding Metropolis" . . . "The Organization Man" are just a few of the titles. They suggest why FORTUNE has been called a continuing "postgraduate course in business management."

Not Published by FORTUNE

The titles also suggest why for thirty-five years, FORTUNE, alone among business publications, has been sought out by major book publishers as a source of books of permanent value. For, though all of the books pictured are based on FORTUNE editorial content, none were published by FORTUNE itself.

"The Computer Age," the newest book in the FORTUNE library, is a case in point. Just published by Harper & Row, it first appeared in FORTUNE. It is the product of more than six months of research, requiring the full-time labors of a team of FORTUNE editors, writers, and researchers; interviews with more than 100 company presidents, directors of planning, mathematicians, and marketing experts.

93.3% Vote "Thumbs Up"

After the appearance of the first four chapters in the Computer series, FORTUNE's publisher sent a letter to the six top officers of the 500 largest U.S. industrials and the 50 largest banks, merchandising, life insurance, transportation and utility companies, as listed in the FORTUNE Directory.

The letter asked if they had read the Computer piece, and invited their frank opinions on it. Of those responding, slightly more than half (53.4%) had read the series; 47.4% of those who read the articles had heard them discussed by others; 93.3% had a good opinion of them. Many took the trouble to volunteer such enthusiastic comments as: "must reading" . . . "best reporting yet on the subject" . . . and "thumbs up all the way."

How FORTUNE Readers "Listen" to FORTUNE Advertisers

What do FORTUNE books mean to FORTUNE advertisers? The answer is suggested in the title of the FORTUNE series, "Is Anybody Listening?" published in book form by Simon & Schuster. The series had a profound effect on corporate communication, suggesting as it did that, to communicate effectively, the listener must be as interested, involved, and responsive as the speaker.

Therein lies the essential difference in FORTUNE. In no other publication can the men of business find the subjects of most urgent interest to them covered with the depth of research, the authority and style worthy of permanent book form.

That's why FORTUNE is read more thoroughly, over longer periods, by readers who are uniquely involved in and responsive to what FORTUNE editors and advertisers have to say. Why businessmen quote FORTUNE to each other, newspapers to their readers—why, indeed, FORTUNE is the most quoted authority on business in the world.



SCORECARD

PUNDIT OFF BASE

After seeing a British movie, *This Sporting Life*, Russell Baker of *The New York Times* has been moved to make some observations on what he calls "the corrupting influence of professional sports." Fans, it seems, are persons with a vicious "need to crack skulls and smash noses." (They watch football and boxing, don't they?) He finds a "distortion of values" in the fact that heavyweight champions are paid so handsomely and that Joe Namath has signed a \$400,000 contract with the New York Jets. If a man spent New Year's Day watching bowl games on TV he was acting "in disregard of family life."

Ah, but this is not all. "The perverse ethics of commercial sports have even begun to infect the area of government," says Baker, citing the deposition of Charles Halleck as Republican leader of the House of Representatives and finding in it a parallel with the firing of Yogi Berra after the Yankees lost the World Series. Halleck was on a losing team, too, you see. (In defense of baseball's good name, we must note that Berra would have been fired even if the Yankees had won the Series.) And it was "commercial" of President Johnson—here the connection with sport becomes remote—to address a joint session of Congress at 9 p.m. E.S.T. "for maximum fan exposure on TV."

As a sports magazine, we know our place and would not presume to comment on politics. We feel that Russell Baker, a writer of wit and competence in the political field, should similarly shun the corrupting influence of sports and contemplate only the sweetness and light of politics, though he may, if he chooses, come out firmly against the custom of having the President of the United States throw out the first ball to start the baseball season.

IN BASEBALL IT'S BUSH

As the National Basketball Association schedule approached the All-Star Game break, Wilt Chamberlain was dunking and hanking shots at a 39.6 point pace,

virtually assuring him of his sixth consecutive scoring crown. Nevertheless, San Francisco's 7-foot-1 center was unhappy, and this led to an unseemly row with Sid Borgia, the NBA's supervisor of referees. The league's officiating, said Chamberlain, is "atrocious." Borgia's counterpunch: "If our officiating was as atrocious as Wilt's foul shooting [a dismal 42% this season] we'd have all been fired 10 years ago."

"If Wilt was six inches shorter," Borgia went on, "you wouldn't even know about him. He might not even be in the NBA. And he'd be a pauper instead of a millionaire."

And so on. Chamberlain would seem to have little reason to complain about officiating. In more than 460 games, he is the only veteran player who has yet to foul out. But that is beside the point. No organized sport should tolerate such public controversy between an official and a player. In baseball, lines would be leveled and heads would roll.

SPEED LIMIT

More than a decade ago one of the most esteemed men of skiing, Britain's Sir Arnold Lunn, saw a crisis developing. "The tendency to regard speed on the piste [pocked slope] as the ultimate criterion of skiing skill is irrational and wholly mischievous in its influence on the development of the sport," he wrote. Sir Arnold's fears were realized. The removal of natural obstacles and the quest for speed in Alpine racing accelerated. Last week another influential man said it was high time for a change. The man is Marc Hodler, Swiss president of the International Ski Federation, and among his sweeping proposals are these: changing downhill racing courses from present sheer-speed runs down partly wooded slopes to slower open slopes with obstacles to test the racers' versatility; reducing the thicker of slalom gates to "lead slalom back where it started from—as a forest downhill run around the trees"; and discarding the seed-and-draw system in slalom racing (under which only the first dozen or so starters

have any real chance of winning) in favor of an event run with elimination heats, as in track and field. Bravo, Mr. Hodler; it is high time.

TREND

To the people of France, according to a poll just reported by *L'Express* of Paris, the most important event of 1964 was not the ouster of Nikita Khrushchev (that placed a mere second), nor General de Gaulle's trip to South America (third), nor the Ecumenical Council (fourth). It was the Olympic Games.

An observer on the scene advises that the result of the poll was not so astonishing as it might seem, considering the current passion for sports throughout Europe, not just France. "I think," he said, "that young people are going in for new sports, are giving up wine for glory."

Which is, after all, in the Olympic spirit.

THE QUIET MAN

Everyone, especially in Britain, treasures the image of a cleric with eccentricity or genius concealed beneath his ecclesiastical robes. Greatly beloved in fiction was G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown, the detective. The Rev. Sydney Smith existed in fact, not fiction, and was the



most famous wit in the English language next to Oscar Wilde. (His idea of heaven was "eating *pâté de foie gras* to the sound of trumpets.") Now, to their delight, Britons have discovered the Rev. Kenneth Wade, the Dean of Bocking.

The dean is 50 years old and stands a mere 5 feet 3 inches. He looks harmless enough. At 1 a.m. recently he came upon a young intruder, more than 6 feet tall,

continued

THE BEST

THE BEST OF AL HIRT



Here are twelve of the "Best" reasons why Al is the most popular trumpeter from here to New Orleans. Here "The Horn" dishes up a mixed selection of musical styles that includes Dixieland hits like "Garden Street Parade" and "When the Saints Go Marching In," along with his hit singles like "Jive," "Sugar Lips," "Cotton Candy," plus "Stella by Starlight" and "Poor Butterfly." Here's Hirt in top form in a special collection of his top hits—a great combination for good listening.

THE BEST OF TITO PUENTE



A dozen of Puente's smash hits in a collection that shows clearly why he's "El Numero Uno" of Latin American dance tempos. "Ran-Kan-Kan," "Tito Timbero," "Tea for Two" and 9 others.

THE BEST OF MANCINI



Oscar-winner Mancini plays great music from TV and the movies: "Mr. Lucky," "Peter Gunn," "Moon River," "Theme from 'Hats off to the Brave,'" "Experiment in Terror," "Baby Elephant Walk" and six more.

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SCORECARD

turking in the bushes of his dean's). Asked what he was doing, the intruder leaped at the dean who threw the ruffian over his head, dislocating the fellow's shoulder.

"I could have broken his shoulder, had I wished," the dean said, "because judo teaches you how to do that. I thought, however, dislocation would be enough punishment."

It was the intruder's misfortune that Wade is one of Britain's best judo practitioners, a fact well known in London's tough dock area, where he worked for 17 years. It probably never seemed worth mentioning in Bocking, a quiet place.

THE CORN'S THE THING

When Bill Veeck, in his Chicago days, invented the frenetic scoreboard for the celebration of home runs he was soon copied in other ball parks—to the dismay of conservatives, who believe that, as good wine needs no bush, a home run needs no fireworks.

Now the Houston Astros, not content to have the game's first domed stadium, are working on a scoreboard to surpass them all. Weighing 300 tons, it will be four stories high and cost \$2 million. Six technicians and a producer—yes, a producer—will operate it. Here is what will happen when a Houston batter hits a home run.

A lighted reproduction of the domed stadium will appear on the board, with sound effects and flashing lights. A ball will travel across the top of the board while fireworks explode and skyrocketers soar. Two cowboys, firing six-shooters, will enter, followed by two pigging steers snorting fire. A cowboy will ride in and lasso one of the steers' horns. For the finale: a skyrocket display.

Babe Ruth, you were born far too soon.

GAMESMAN GOLF

With only three holes to play in the National Football League golf tournament in Hollywood Beach, Fla., Green Bay Defensive Back Jesse Whittection had a five-stroke lead in the field. A broken-nosed, slow-swinging West Texan from Big Spring, he was staying well ahead of his closest competitor—San Francisco 49er Quarterback John Brudie, a former touring golf pro. The winner's prize, a new blue Ford Mustang, was parked behind the 18th green, where Whittection's wife had eyed it hopefully.

Then on the 16th tee, the needle went in. "See those trees on the right, Jesse? Watch out for those trees," said Brodie. "Hey, Jesse, here's where things start happening on your backswing," yelled another player from the gallery. With all that in mind, Whittenton hit the ball into the trees and lost two shots to Brodie's par. On the 17th Whittenton hit into the trees again, made a double-bogey to Brodie's birdie and they came into 18 even. Several NFL players pointedly clutched their throats and gargled like turkeys. "Let's get this over with," growled Whittenton, and made a fine trap shot but left his 10-foot putt on the lip of the cup. Brodie's final par won the tournament, and the blue Mustang, by one stroke. "Never mind, honey," Mrs. Whittenton said tearfully. "that car wasn't our color anyway."

Then, in an ironic aftermath, Brodie had to decline the car to keep his USGA status as a reinstated amateur, and the NFL had to revise its prize list. Looks as if Whittenton won the Mustang.

STRATEGIC RETREAT

Bengt Soderstrom did not win the 2,500-mile Royal Automobile Club Rally of Great Britain. Running fifth in his British Ford Cortina over icy forest roads, Soderstrom was some 500 miles from the finish and low on fuel when his gearbox broke down, leaving only reverse gear in operation. No special problem there. He turned the car and raced onward 20 miles in reverse to a refueling point, and another 17 miles to the Ford repair station. Though only 89 of the 158 entries finished the four-day event, Soderstrom came in an admirable fifth, just as good coming as going.

THE PROFESSOR

During his three-year career with the New York Mets, Patcher Craig Anderson contributed not a little to their legend by winning three games and losing 20, the last 19 of them in a row. It was a period in which he was deeply involved with the syntax, semantics and double-speak of his manager, Casey Stengel.

"You had to get used to his clue words or you couldn't understand him," Anderson says. "Like one word might mean a play, only he never told you. You had to figure it out."

Anderson learned, for example, that "butcher boy" meant that the batter was supposed to chop down on the ball and thus make sure he hit it on the ground to protect the runner. Stengel explained

continued

-AND NOTHING BUT THE BEST

THE BEST OF PETER NERO



Here's Peter Nero at his suave and sophisticated best adding new luster to favorite melodies. This new album is exactly what the title implies... all time great songs by America's No. 1 popular pianist. Peter's soothing style makes the perfect side dish at dinner, mood music for pleasant conversation, or just easy and relaxed listening pleasure. Among the many favorites in this new album are "On Green Dolphin Street," "Moon River," "Secret Love," "Maria" and 8 others.



"Gentleman Jim" in a mellow and melodic mood sings "He'll Have to Go," "Four Walls," "Anna Marie," "Daddy Boy," "Bilby Bayou" and seven more of the songs that won him lasting fame.



Mario Lanza's legacy of brilliant performances is beautifully represented in this timeless collection including "Be My Love," "And This Is My Beloved," "Arrivederci Roma" and many more.

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Standard of the World



Cadillac

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SCHEDULE "SHELL'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF GOLF"

| PLAYERS | | LOCATION | BROADCAST DATE |
|------------------|--------------------|-------------------------------------|----------------|
| Dave Marr | Bernard Hunt | Sunnyside Golf Club (England) | Jan. 17 |
| Barbara Rosenick | Ira Goldschmidt | Monte Carlo Golf Club (Monaco) | Jan. 24 |
| Tony Lema | Carl Poulson | Rungsted Golf Klub (Denmark) | Jan. 31 |
| Jay Hebert | Friedel Schnaderer | Hamburg Golf Club (Germany) | Feb. 7 |
| Juan Rodriguez | Tommy Jacobs | Lyford Cay Club (Nassau) | Feb. 14 |
| Ben Hogan | Sam Snead | Houston Country Club (U.S.A.) | Feb. 21 |
| George Knudson | Al Balding | Cape Breton Highlands (Nova Scotia) | Feb. 28 |
| Jon Carr | Al Gerberger | Wexham Golf Club (Ireland) | Mar. 7 |
| Johnny Pott | Roberto De Vicenzo | Maracaibo Country Club (Venezuela) | Mar. 14 |
| Phil Rodgers | Alfonso Angelini | Villa d'Este Golf Club (Italy) | Mar. 21 |
| Marley Spearman | Marlynne Smith | Luxemburg Golf Club (Luxemburg) | Mar. 28 |

Shell's Wonderful World of Golf

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EXCEPTIONNEL

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that one. But there were other occasions.

"I remember once," says Anderson, "Casey came out to the mound to me in a hant situation and said, 'O.K., now, you know what I want you to do,' and turned around and walked off. Only I didn't know what he wanted and I didn't do it. When I got back to the dugout he said, 'What I wanted you to do was make the first pitch a fast ball high inside so he couldn't bunt.' I knew after that."

When you learn like that, it stays with you.

THE ANGRY MORONS

Littering the ice at professional hockey games can be a gesture in fun—in Detroit it has become a ritual for one fan to throw a small octopus on the ice before the start of a Stanley Cup playoff game—but it can also be extremely dangerous. Most dangerous is the increasing practice of tossing heated pennies or shooting paper clips onto the ice. These freeze almost instantly and are hazardous to players.

Just a few weeks ago high-scoring Gilles Tremblay, a swift-skating Montreal Canadian wing, was body-checked and, while reeling from the contact, caught his skate on a penny embedded in the ice. Result: a compound fracture of the leg that finished him for the season. And a few nights ago Frank Milne, survivor of 15 years of pro hockey without serious injury, skated over a penny while playing for the Oakville Oaks of the Ontario Hockey Association's Senior League. Result: another compound leg fracture.

Boston Garden officials are offering \$100 reward for information leading to the arrest and prosecution of such litterbugs. Madison Square Garden is conducting a similar drive. One hopes that prosecution of an offender will result in conviction and severe punishment.

Punishment more severe, let us say, than that suffered by a Chicagoan who tossed his car keys onto the ice and, red-faced, had to go to the officials' room after the game to reclaim them so that he could drive home.

THEY SAID IT

• Gomer Jones, Oklahoma coach, after declaring four of his players ineligible because they signed pro contracts before the Gator Bowl game and then losing 36-19: "Maybe I'll get my reward in heaven."

END

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THE UPROAR IN

A few minutes after the start of the Pennsylvania-Brown basketball game in Philadelphia last weekend, the citizens on one side of the court began chanting, "Let's go, Wildcats!" When the last echo of that alarm faded away, the other side arose en masse and shouted, "Let's go, Explorers!" A visitor who was under the impression that Penn called itself the Quakers and Brown called itself the Bruins turned in bewilderment to a veteran Philadelphian. "Oh," said the native, "that's just the Villanova fans and the La Salles, tuning up for the second game of the doubleheader."

In any other city it would be the height

of boorishness to cheer for one team while two others were competing on the floor. But in Philadelphia this is normal. As the Penn-Brown game moved slowly along, most of the 9,212 fans packed into the Palestra engaged in spirited predictions about the second game, occasionally huffed out a locomotive yell for Villanova or La Salle, and in general gave Penn-Brown the back of its hands. "I just can't get interested," said a horn-rimmed youth of about 20. "When does the real game start?"

Anyone who can understand a Penn-Brown game played against an obligato of Villanova-La Salle cheering is either

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES GRANE

St. Joseph's students display their heartfelt, if misplaced, affection for Coach Jack Ramsay at



PHILADELPHIA

a Philadelphian or a psychologist. The essence of the situation is this: when Penn plays Brown, a Philadelphia team is battling a team from somewhere or other outside of town. But when La Salle plays Villanova, Philadelphia is playing Philadelphia, and when that happens William Penn's town becomes, problem, a sort of City of Brotherly Hate.

Philadelphia is involved in mankind, to be sure, but it is much more involved in Philadelphia than, say, New York is in New York or Chicago is in Chicago. In many ways Philadelphia is an island entire unto itself, looking inward, characterized by the contrails of the big jets

passing high overhead, going from someplace else to someplace else. Denizens of this self-sufficient city even speak a different language. They say "no" with the tortured vowel of a Yorkshireman, "wooder" for water, "iggie" for eagle and "big" for league. They live in a place called "Pennsylvania" and consider the "Inquirer" (*Inquirer*) one of their favorite "nosepapers." In Philadelphia a red-headed boy is nicknamed in the plural, "Reds," and the contraction for "all that" comes out "all's," as in "all's I said was . . ." Philadelphia is grandly singular and glad of it, and this concentration on things local produced "the Big Five,"

The Big Five basketball teams have their private war in the Palestra every season—and this year St. Joe's and Villanova rank nationally by JACK OLSEN

a basketball conference consisting of schools with little in common except Philadelphia. Three of them—La Salle, St. Joseph's and Temple—play in the Middle Atlantic Conference. Pennsylvania is in the Ivy League and Villanova is an independent. The schools range in size from St. Joseph's, with its 1,500 day students, to Temple, with its 9,250, in location from Villanova, swathed in Main Line greenery, to La Salle, with a campus in the middle of a neighborhood in transition. The five schools share only one attitude: a burning, seething, competitive hatred, clean but hard, in basketball.

"These kids played against each other

a tradition of

came with Boston College. When Big Five teams play each other, roll-out banners cover the stands, usually ridiculing the opposing school.



in grammar school and the boys' clubs and the high school leagues and playground leagues," says Bill Whelan Jr. of St. Joseph's. "and they're dying to keep on playing against each other in college. It's like sibling rivalry. The Big Five games come first, and everything else follows in importance. If we go out of town and lose we come back home and try to forget about it, but if we lose to Villanova we're not allowed to forget about it. All our friends from Villanova are on us for the rest of the year, over the bridge table and everyplace else where we meet."

It is characteristic of Big Five basketball that the players come from the Philadelphia area, with only an occasional Wilt the Stilt or Wayne Hightower responding to the handshakes of out-of-state schools. Last year St. Joseph's whole first team came from within 10 miles of the college. All but four Big Five starters this year are from the Philadelphia area. There is simply no need to look away for players. When the Philadelphia Warriors were at their prime, they could start Paul Arizin, Guy Rodgers, Wilt Chamberlain, Ernie Beck and Tom Gola, all products of Philadelphia high schools. "Now what the hell city has ever produced its own professional basketball team?" asks a proud Philadelphia sportswriter. The city even produced its own pro team in the 1930s: the Sphas (South Philadelphia Hebrew Association). They played in the ballroom of the Broadwood Hotel and their stars were Harry Rotack, now Temple's fine coach, Reds Rosen and Inky Kauffman and Shikely Gotthofer and Cy Kasselman. Their standard game plan was to stay within one point of the opponents until just before the final buzzer, when Kasselman would unloose an 80-foot two-hand shot that would split the cords, and everybody would cheer and begin dancing to the music of Gil Fitch, his saxophone and his orchestra.

With this tradition, it is no wonder that the children of Philadelphia begin playing organized basketball when they are still in grade school. In a town where little old ladies discuss the differences between the box-and-one defense and the triangle-and-two, one is not surprised to hear an 8-year-old explaining to his buddy on the Broad Street subway: "We were playing a one-three-one and Smitty was the chaser and they came out with Jonesy playing low post and

Whitey on the high post, so we switched to a man-to-man . . ." By the time that boy has finished high school he will understand basketball the way the Maltese understand soccer and the Liverpudlians soccer. Then he will be qualified to attend games at the Palestra, "the snakepit," a basketball emporium abhorred by out-of-towners and described by Illinois Coach Harry Combes as "one of the toughest places in the country."

All but a few Big Five games are played at the Palestra, the University of Pennsylvania's barnlike field house down by the railroad tracks. When the scandals were blackening the game and college presidents were ordering their teams out of big, bad arenas like Philadelphia's Convention Hall and New York's Madison Square Garden, the University of Pennsylvania suggested to Temple, St. Joseph's, La Salle and Villanova that they play all their home games at the Palestra, on Penn's aged madcity campus, and split the profits evenly, an equitable arrangement that has worked to the advantage of all for 10 years.

The Palestra seats 9,200 fans, and on any night when one Big Five team is playing another you could be excused for supposing that every one of the 9,200 is a lunatic. *Objets d'art* come hurtling out on the floor; 4,600 fans on one side engage in insult contests with the 4,600 on the other side, and frequent loud remarks are addressed to the question of the legality of the marriage of the referee's mother and father. The raucous effect is intensified by the design of the red-brick, raftered building, built in 1926 and named after the ancient Greek open-air gymnasium. In the Palestra the seats come almost to the edge of the floor; there is hardly any buffer zone, and one can reach out and touch player and official alike. For years visiting coaches have claimed that this closeness intimidates referees, and well it might. In an average year the teams of the Big Five win 80% of their home games, and for all four years of its existence the tough Quaker City Tournament has been won by a Philadelphia team. This year the winner was St. Joseph's, which defeated No. 2-ranked Wichita in a game marked by 23 foul calls against Wichita, 10 against St. Joe's and an explosion by Wichita Coach Chuck Thompson. "It wasn't basketball," Thompson said. "It was a farce. We didn't get beat in a basketball

game. Some of the things that went on were ridiculous. The officials weren't consistent." Then there was the matter of the crowd. "We shouldn't be held up to ridicule," Thompson said. "I can't even tell you some of the things that were said. Direct abuse. If we had come out there and hammed it up and acted like we were the best team in the country, I could see it. But this wasn't fan enthusiasm, this was mockery," Thompson said he would not come back to the Palestra, "not until they straighten things out."

Thompson should have stayed around the Palestra to see what happens when one Philadelphia team plays another. In the dear, dead days beyond recall one was supposed to observe a period of silence after a foul was called, but in Big Five games at the Palestra any and all foul calls are occasions for abandoned cheering. When the player steps to the line to shoot the foul, just as he flexes his wrists, a cymbalist, a kid with an air horn and six more with cowbells let him have it right in the ears. This is standard Palestra spectatorship.

All Big Five games are audience-participation affairs, and almost all are sell-outs. The fans arrive bearing huge rolls of paper with which to taunt the opposing cheering section. Just before the game begins the banners are slowly unwound and passed down the row, the letters coming into sight one by one, as the members of the clergy in the audience sit nervously and hope that the enormities of decency will not be trampled as they have been in the past. The banner game got so far out of bounds that Big Five officials have ordered them screened by faculty members. One memorable St. Joseph's banner observed that LA SALLE IS AN ARMPIT. When another St. Joseph's roll-out proclaimed, LA SALLE IS YELLOW AND BLUE BUT MOSTLY YELLOW, the La Salle fans quickly unfurled, IS THAT WHAT THE JESUITS TEACH YOU? The clerics of the three Catholic schools in the Big Five frequently find themselves perplexed over the banners, and call upon their lay friends for translations. Last year Villanova students harassed St. Joseph's star Steve Courtn with a roll-out saying, STEVE IS IN YOUR FEAR, COURTIN! The next day Jeremiah Ford II, Penn's athletic director and one of the founders of the Big Five, received a phone call from the Rev. Joseph M. Gieh, S.J., faculty moderator of ath-



Yale star Jim Washington tries a twisting jump shot as his team drives to victory over La Salle before a typical S.R.O. Princeton crowd

letes at St. Joseph's. As Ford tells it, Father Gieb said, "Jerry, are there some things that I should know about life? I didn't see anything wrong with that sign." Ford assured Father Gieb that the interpretation was all in the eye of the beholder.

The St. Joseph's students, the smallest student body of the Big Five colleges, are, by common agreement of the others, the most enthusiastic, and the rhythm of their cheering is set by a bass drummer who surely must have one of the strongest right arms in the bass-drumming business. When CBS engineers arrived on campus last week to discuss a regional telecast of St. Joe's Saturday game against Boston College, they asked the bass drummer if he would cease and desist just this once, because it was difficult for them to get a proper sound level with the drum causing the water to fluctuate across the red line. The drummer

had a solution, he explained, that he would simply beat the drum constantly, and the engineers would have no problem of fluctuations. CBS lost that argument and another one. The network asked for a specified number of time-outs, to enable them to peddle products, but St. Joseph's Coach Jack Ramsay, an independent thinker, author and doctor of education, said he would call time-outs at St. Joseph's pleasure, not CBS's, and did so.

For years the St. Joseph's mascot has been a Hawk—a campus leader, masked and feathered, who is required to flap his arms without cessation every time the team plays. In time-outs the Hawk does fancy figure eights and chandeliers while the student body screams. "The Hawk will never die," and enemy students hiss. Other Big Five schools have countered

with their own mascots. Penn has a Quaker, dressed in Franklinesque style, tiny glasses, a wig and tennis shoes. Temple has an Owl. La Salle has an Explorer dressed in astronaut garb; and Villanova has an ersatz Wildcat. But the Hawk still commands the most attention, and is usually the eye of a rooting hurricane.

Every year the faculties and student leaders of the Big Five schools inspire the fans to desist from their wild antics, and every year the students ignore them. Of all the five student bodies, only Pennsylvanians behave itself, and that is largely because Penn students are not as basketball-crazy as the other, smaller schools. When the Penns produce a roll-out it usually says something wildly imaginative, like PENN—IVY CHAMPY IS 65. More often Penn will arrive with no banners at all (which once led St. Joe's to roll out: TOO WEAK TO ATTEND). Thus un-

continued

supported, Penn still manages to rise to Big Five heights and give its rivals fits, and this season almost dumped a strong Villanova team in a game that could serve as the archetype of all Palestra battles. The astute Pennsylvania coach, Jack McCloskey, ordered his men to play wall ball, and as a result the game was tied at the half 19-19, while the crowd hooted and screamed. Pennsylvania opened up a bit in the second half, and soon was leading by seven. The tension over McCloskey's tactics was agonizing. Villanova Publicist Ken Miegler was ordered out of his benchside seat by Referee Lou Eisenstein for bawling the officials. The Penn water boy was so jumpy he sloshed water on Coach McCloskey and doused Penn star Stan Pavlak, who said, "I'm going to kill you!"

Toward the end Villanova began pressing for the ball, and finally tied the game up. Penn missed scoring a remarkably upset when a rimmer fell out at the buzzer, and Villanova went on to win the

game in overtime. The two coaches met for the traditional handshake, and Villanova's Jack Kraft said to McCloskey: "You're not gonna make yourself very popular playing that kind of game." Said McCloskey: "If you want the ball why don't you go after it?" and the two of them stomped off, shaking arms and fingers at each other.

This was the first open clash of Big Five coaches in anyone's memory. The wonder is that they are not constantly fighting in the tense caldrons of Big Five games. But, for the most part, they are good friends off the court, as they are expert tacticians on it, and a more typical scene was the one last Friday after the Villanova-LaSalle game, when Coach Bob Walters of La Salle rushed over to embrace Villanova's Jack Kraft. Preparing for the game, Walters had hardly slept in three days. On Wednesday night his La Salle team had lost to Louisville in Louisville after a shoddy first-half performance ("They were already thinking too much about the Friday night

game with Villanova," Walters theorized later). After that game Walters took a pair of wake-up pills, rented a car and drove all night from Louisville to Philadelphia, 700 miles, to get ready for Villanova. His deep-set eyes looking like little red coals, Walters whipped and harked his team into a state of nervous preparedness. "You're not thinking!" he shouted at a big pivot man. "Why that extra dribble? Just shoot! A pivot man loses 50', efficiency when he what?"

"Dribbles," the player muttered.

"Dribbles? That's right. That's what you were doing last night and you've got to cut it out!"

For two and a half hours Walters stood in the center of the little gymnasium at La Salle and rasped orders in his sandpapery voice, now and then swaying slightly with fatigue, hands on his hips, blowing short clouds like angry smoke signals from an ivory-tipped cigar. He apologized for keeping some friends waiting. "Ordinarily we couldn't go through a long drill the night before

Energetic La Salle male students mask the first appearance of female cheerleaders for rival Villanova by cavorting at midcourt, amusing the



a game," he explained, "but this is the Villanova game."

The next night Villanova produced female cheerleaders, recruited from its Nursing Division, for the first time in its history. La Salle responded with two roll-outs: LA SALLE COLLEGE FOR MEN and WHO WEARS THE PANTS AT VILLANOVA? At half time La Salle sent out five students in female attire to lampoon Villanova's cheerleaders, but the Wildcat cheering section subdued them with a steady chant: "La Salle is sick!" followed by a foghorn voice shouting, "Get those fairies off the floor!" The consensus was that La Salle won the battle of tastelessness, but Villanova won the ball game 86-72, and Bob Walters' sleepless nights went for naught.

The next afternoon the most successful coach in the Big Five—his team is now contending for No. 1 national ranking—stood in a characteristic pose on the edge of a crowd, his head hanging down, his eyes counting the cracks in the floor, while speaker after speaker

walked to a microphone in the center of the basketball court and described him as the best coach in the country. Jack Ramsay, 40, owner of a 195-and-65 record in his 10 years at St. Joseph's, was going through the agony of a Jack Ramsay Day. Finally he was released from the shackles of tribute and allowed to return to the dressing room, where he was busy getting his team "up" for its game with Boston College. In the press box a St. Joe's administrator talked about him: "Ramsay can get 10 basketball players higher than any coach in the country. It's not a Knute Rockne approach, it's kind of intellectual, a matter of personal example. He's so intense that it's almost impossible to speak to him 10, 15 minutes after a game. He's emotionally spent. He gets 'em so far up that after we beat St. John's a couple of our subs were in the dressing room crying, and they hadn't even been in the game!"

Joe Lapchick, the St. John's coach, has said that a basketball coach has to

work harder against Ramsay than any other opponent. Ramsay's specialty is the zone press, a grueling technique described by one opposition player as "like running into a windmill." He orders the zone press when his team is behind or when the mood overtakes him. The mood overtook him seldom on Saturday, for Ramsay's Hawks ran Bob Cousy's Boston College Eagles right into the boards. Shooting from inside and out, fast-breaking, intercepting passes, stealing the ball and harassing the Eagles in front court and back, Ramsay's 10 sophomores and juniors took a 34-17 lead after 10 minutes, and the ball game was over; St. Joe's eventually won 93-71. The fans began another chant: "Coach of the Year, Coach of the Year..." With only one loss (to Providence) in 13 games, Ramsay certainly must be in the running. But the rest of Philadelphia was jumping to no conclusions. St. Joe's still has to play its first City Series game of the season. In the City of Brotherly Hate, everything else is prologue.

END

Highly partisan fans as well as the genuine article from Villanova. These are brief moments of cheerful respite that even a civil war provides.



The AFL All-Star game, scheduled for Saturday, Jan. 16 in the Sugar Bowl, was shifted to Houston last Monday by Commissioner Joe Foss. There was an ugly reason: the 22 Negro players on the East and West squads had

encountered discrimination and discourtesy and had elected not to play in New Orleans. Here Ron Mix, the fine San Diego tackle (right), tells how he argued with the men against their move and asks and answers the question:

'WAS THIS THEIR FREEDOM RIDE?'

by RON MIX

A number of months ago I was sitting in a wild but elegant club located in the lively night district of Hamburg, Germany. I sat in discomfort; the same discomfort I had felt for the past two days—I was a Jew in Germany. Reason and education had told me that this new Germany was only a distant cousin of the Germany responsible for the atrocious crimes of World War II, yet I could not relax and enjoy myself, though my companion was pretty and the drinks were strong. I did not trust her; I did not trust the people.

The girl—Michalenc, her name was—interrupted my uneasy reverie.

"Look," she pointed to the dance floor. "The doctor is having a good time again. What a popular man."

I saw a distinguished-looking Negro, graying at the temples, smiling broadly as he led his partner, a lovely white girl, through a spirited mambo.

I am ashamed of what followed, but I relate it now because I believe it helps explain the fact that—eight months later—I was unable to persuade the Negro All-Stars of the AFL from boycotting the All-Star game in New Orleans.

Reverent jealousy overwhelmed me as I watched this Negro with his white partner. That he was able to uninhibitedly enjoy himself in the public company of a white girl meant he had freedom, the complete comfort that comes with natural acceptance. Where was mine? I was suspicious of all around me. How many in this very nightclub resented my presence? All?

I was like the man for whom success is not enough—his best friend must also fail. My friend had made good. We had changed places in another country.

He needs a reminder, said my hazy thoughts. We share the same boat, climb back in, brother, feel uneasy here as I do. There are plenty of people who don't like us. I won't let you escape it.

And so I watched him, a look of distaste on my face, hoping he would look my way, see again a white man's dire derangement. I did catch his eye and saw his smile become unreal—he recognized the look. Now he felt my eyes on him. He remembered who he was. Three, four, five times he glanced my way. Always I was watching. No mistake now, he knew. I had made him remember that bigotry still existed in some people. The fun was gone from his evening, and he left soon afterward.

Perhaps the guilt I felt that night still haunted me as I stood in front of the Negro players in New Orleans and asked them to reconsider. Because rather than holding firm in my arguments against their decision, I felt more and more sympathy with them.

A few minutes earlier I had been presumptuous enough to think I could influence their decision. Sid Gillman, coach of the West squad, had been standing, somewhat stunned and helpless, outside our quarters, the Roosevelt Hotel, while someone informed him of what had happened, all the Negro players had been abused in some manner since their arrival in New Orleans and had decided to leave the city.

I felt that something was wrong about what the Negro ballplayers were doing. Not wrong to protest, but wrong in method. An action such as this must lead to a favorable result. What would be accomplished by their actions? Nothing that I could see.

"Sid, let me skip practice and talk to them."

"Well, I don't see how... yes, O.K., go ahead."

As I rode the elevator to the room where the Eastern and Western Negro All-Stars were meeting, I tried to etch in my mind points that must be covered.

I walked into one of two adjoining rooms. The Negro athletes were divided, a group in each room watching the NFL-All-Star game on television. I saw Earl

Luison near the television set in the opposite room so, not saying a word, I walked through the first room to Earl. "Hello, Ron," said Clem Daniels, standing up to greet me with a handshake.

"Hi, Clem. Say, Clem, Earl, I'd like to talk to all you fellows."

"Sure," said Earl. "Call the others in."

All the Negroes—perhaps 20—crowded into the room, taking seats where they could, some leaning against the wall, most standing. I searched the faces for some clue as to my reception. Some of the faces looked curious; on some was the impatience of a Negro who knows he is going to hear some more of Mister Charlie's promise of a distant something; a few were unmistakably cold; their minds were set, nothing would change them. Earl turned off the television, and I began:

"Men, I want to talk to you because I feel that what you're doing is wrong. Some action is necessary, but your method will not do our cause any good. And that cause is to try to rectify all the injustices, to restore dignity to all men. You must look at the overall effects of your action. Will it serve any good to New Orleans? Hell no. The whole city isn't guilty. Many people here have tried to extend all the courtesies they have control over. They can't control the feelings and actions of individuals. Do you think that those ignorant individuals who wrong you gave a damn whether or not they see a football game? They'll be glad to see you go. And so what's been done? Those low-lives have their way. You're gone."

"I feel there are other methods that are better suited for this. We should stay and focus national attention on what is going on. News releases could pour out of here everyday, we could..."

"Ron," interrupted Ernie Warlick, "did it do any good when the Negroes on your team protested their treatment in Atlanta? No, it didn't. A definite action must be made."



"Yes, but what good is going to come of it. It's not going to change the emotions of. . ."

"Look," said Art Powell, "we know we aren't going to change these people. But neither are they going to change us. We must act as our conscience dictates."

"O K, Art, what about the thousands of Negroes that can not leave this place? I think that is a bad example for men in your position to set. The place stinks—so you leave."

"I suppose it would be better to stay here," Art said, "and by doing so, imply that we accept such treatment for ourselves and our people? Do you want us to condone it?"

I had ignited a fuse. If I had any intention of making progress I would have to change my direction.

"Men, I think you're all acting in good faith. This whole mess is rotten. I just want you to ask yourselves what effect your action will have on the civil rights cause in the long run. Sure, promises are cheap, but progress is being made. In this very city, too. That we have the game here indicates this."

"That's another point," said Clem. "The promoters for this game assured us that there would be no problems. 'Bring your wives and children,' they said. 'We're also having a golf tourna-

ment.' It sounded like a big picnic."

Through all this I noted that Cookie Gichrist sat bored. He reminded me of a warlord who couldn't be bothered with the foolish talk of some uninvolved advisor. His composure suggested that there's a battle being fought, man; what do you know about it?

I had the feeling that he would rather not listen, rather not be persuaded. I wondered if he and some of the Negroes present were spurred on to this sacrifice because they felt guilty for having escaped the suffering of their southern brother, their ghettoed brother. Now, at last, they had the opportunity to take a stand, to carry their share of the work. Was this their freedom ride? Their Birmingham jail?

"Ron," said Earl, "I wonder if you are really aware of all that has happened here. It has been quite a bit more than that pool-hall incident in Atlanta."

Earl began to relate the facts. Others in the room followed suit. When they had finished I knew that I would fail to convince them.

Here are some of the things that had happened. All of the Negroes had trouble securing cabs from the airport to their hotels; one group was stranded there for more than three hours. Another group had been dropped off eight blocks from

their destination. Once in the city the cab problem continued.

Abner Haynes asked to go to a certain nightclub and instead was taken to another one a mile away that is a hangout for pervers.

Many players were refused admittance to nightspots.

Ernie Ladd, Dick Westmoreland and a couple of others had been turned away from one Bourbon Street club by a man who indicated he had a gun.

Ernie Warlick was tongue-lashed by a lady who objected when he hung his coat near hers in a restaurant.

All the players, it seemed, had been exposed to varying degrees of indignity.

"No matter how frequently these occurred," I persisted, though I saw little hope of overcoming such valid emotion, "they are still isolated acts and the whole city cannot be held responsible. What you plan will do harm to yourselves, a great number of innocent people, and to the rights movement in this area. Give us some time to resolve this."

"Ron," said Abner, "in 10 minutes, the promoters and some men are going to meet with us. You know what they're going to tell us? We're sorry. Stay around, let us work it out. You had trouble with taxis? Well, we'll round up a car for each of you. What can we do to make it up? I'm afraid, Ron, that they won't be too convincing. We realize the incidents aren't their fault. They aren't ours either. We've got to do what we believe is right."

I left them and walked down the hall to my room. I lay on the bed, feeling very tired. I sympathized greatly with their cause but still felt their methods were wrong, their action too hasty. Perhaps the league office could help. I hoped that the Negro players would give them the opportunity to try.

Late in the afternoon I heard that the meeting between some city representatives and the Negro spokesmen proved uneventful. Many Negro players had left, all would be gone soon.

I made a decision then that if the game were to go on despite the absence of the Negro players, I would not play. I felt I would be wrong in not playing but that it was important for at least one white player—if the game had to be played in New Orleans—to join the Negroes, to say we're with you. Damn it, I thought again, this time you're wrong. But your cause is just and we're with you. **END**

THE PRO TOUR BEGINS AS RABBITS CHASE KINGS

The favorites of professional golf gather in Los Angeles to start splitting up 1965's record purse of \$3.25 million, but a menacing army of rookies has conquest plans, too **by ALFRED WRIGHT**



As has been their custom since 1926, the once and future kings of professional golf assembled in all their alligator-shoe and cashmere-sweater splendor in Los Angeles last week to open another year on the pro golf tour. The king of kings, Arnold Palmer, was there, fresh from his duties as Grand Marshal of the Tournament of Roses, at which he dispensed smiles, fellowship, good will and an occasional Life Saver (having taken up Life Savers to help prevent a feared smoking relapse). So was not-so-portly Billy Casper, announcing that a new diet had helped him take strokes off his game as well as inches off his middle, lean and dinged Tony Lemm, cured of the back ailment that had forced him to stop playing in November but now sporting an elastic bandage on a sore wrist, and that contented United States Open champion, Ken Venturi, who had to be asking himself: Now that you are a Comeback King, where do you go?

At immediate stake and of immediate interest to all the big money winners—only Jack Nicklaus (see page 49) was missing—was the \$70,000 purse of the Los Angeles Open and the opportunity to get a fast start on what they assume will be their fair share of the numbing total of \$3.25 million to be won on the PGA tour this year. This gargantuan sum is an increase of 18% over 1964 (and don't think about how large an increase it is over the wildest dreams of old John Wanamaker, the department store man who in 1916 announced he would put up prize money for a golf tournament open to professionals only and thus, in effect, launched the PGA. It is sufficient comment on the status of the pro golfers of that era that the fledgling PGA had to write Mr. Wanamaker a few months later "regarding the inability of members to get a supply of golf balls when needed, when at the same time a supply could be had at the store's retail department.")

But if it was obvious at Los Angeles that the future of pro golf had never been brighter and the rewards never greater, it was also evident that the struggle to partake had never been tougher. When they thought about that \$3.25 million figure, all the golfers from

MEETING PALMER in Rancho pro shop, Rabbit Blocker is relaxed but impressed, while King Arnold—working on a club grip—is cordial

Moody Mountain, Me, to Dinkey Creek, Calif., who had ever broken 80 wondered if it might not pay to pack their mashies and head for the tour. As a result, an unprecedented number of rookies attempted to qualify for the L.A. Open, and the most interesting story there became the one of the rabbits, as the pros who have got it made call the pros who haven't.

The tour rookie has become a problem on several counts. The PGA has long felt that, once certain stipulations are met regarding financial backing and quality of play, the right to try to qualify for a pro tournament is as inalienable as the right to three-putt. So it has set no limit on the number of players it will approve for the tour. It has often discussed the possibility of a kind of minor league tour for rookies but is loth for many reasons to start one. Thus the pro golf rookie, playing a pressure-filled game, finds himself roughly in the position of a baseball amateur trying to break into the Yankee infield while watching countless other fellows attempt the same thing. Even to get into tournaments the rookie must week after week fight odds something like those at Los Angeles, where more than 200 rabbits competed for the 19 open spots that remained in the field. The list of the top 50 money-winners in 1964 reveals a lot about the rookie's chances. The average age of the 50 most successful earners is a well-experienced 33. Only two rookies managed to make the list at all—Dick Sikes, who finished 23rd by winning \$23,353, and Chuck Courtney, who was 38th, winning \$19,668.

To tell the story of a typical rookie, one who seemed no better or worse than a host of others, SIKES has illustrated decided early last week to follow the fate of the young man pictured at left. He is George C. Blocker Jr.—Chris to his friends—a rangy country boy from Jal, N. Mex. Now 25, he has four years of college and two years of the Army behind him, but none of this has removed the sagebrush from his speech or manner. He fits the mold of the modern pro, big and handsome and pleasant and ready to tug a forelock in front of a TV camera. ("They all look and talk like cowboy heroes," said a woman in the Los Angeles gallery who was seeing her first tournament.) He moves down the fairway with the long, bowlegged stride of a plainsman. His brow is fur-

rowed, as befits a man of the Southwest. But he is also, in tour terms, a rabbit's rabbit, for until last week he had never played as a pro in a major tournament. "For five years," he says, "this has been my ambition—to play pro golf on the tour. I might have made it earlier, but I wasn't ready. I hadn't had the experience. I wasn't mature enough. Now I think I'm ready. I can go out there and hit the ball without being scared to death. I didn't want to come out here and be a big old flop."

He has been a long time trying to insure that he will not flop. The son of a wholesale gasoline jobber, he has played tournament golf since high school. When he was 17, he reached the finals of the New Mexico Amateur and was good enough to get a golf scholarship to Texas Tech. In 1958 he won the New Mexico Open as an amateur, and he reached the third round of the U.S. Amateur in 1959. This was followed by other nice, if not startling, achievements. In 1962 he went into the Army, and he spent a lot of time driving colonels around Italy. Fortunately, some of the colonels liked to play golf and were broad-minded enough on occasion to include a specialist 4th class in their toursonne, particularly one who could break par. During this period Blocker played in two British

Amateur championships and did fairly well, going as far as the fourth round in 1963.

By last August, Blocker was out of uniform and, after a brief attempt at trying college again, he turned pro. In November he decided to fill out his application for Approved Tournament Player status, the first step toward going on the tour. This ATP status is the one under which about 125 of the 200 touring pros play. They must keep their cards active for five years before they can become full members of the PGA. This is not necessarily easy, for their performance is reviewed twice a year and the card can be taken away. In 1964 the PGA revoked the cards of 56 players, thus barring them from the tour.

When it comes to inquisitiveness about the private lives of potential members, the PGA has much in common with the CIA. After years of complaints from choleric sponsors and irate hotelkeepers about fast-moving golfers whose checks bounced farther than their drives, the PGA has started investigating applicants thoroughly. It wants to know about their education, their family background, their personal habits, the size of their bank accounts and, almost incidentally, how they hit a golf ball.

After filling out the required form, Chris Blocker had to play test rounds with two PGA club pros, who submitted the required letters of recommendation. His bank wrote another letter swearing he had the funds to carry him through at least six months of the tour, estimating that a single man can get by on \$250 a week. The money Blocker had saved while in the Army plus what his father guaranteed was actually enough to last him a year. All this paperwork was sent to the PGA Headquarters in Dunedin, Fla., where copies were made and mailed to the members of a nine-man screening committee.

This committee consists of five full-time PGA officials and four players, who at this time are Dave Marr, Johnny Potts, Tommy Jacobs and Casper. Each examines his copy of the application separately and casts his vote of approval or disapproval without consulting the others. If there is one no vote the application is returned to the committee with the reasons for the blackball. A second try is made, in which six aye votes will pass the man, but that is the last chance. The vote in Chris Blocker's favor was unani-

72
LOU GRAHAM
STEVE OPPERMAN
B.B. GOETZ
FRANK GARVIN
RANDY CLOVER
FRED MARTI
TOM NIEPORTE
JOE KIRKWOOD JR.
ART WALL
BOB ROSBURG
CHARLES COODY
ARNOLD PALMER
RAY FLOYD
CHRIS. BLOCKER

MEETING PALMER on the scoreboard can be even more important. Blocker did it on his very first round on the PGA tour by shooting a 72.

continued

mous, and he got the good news on December 20.

Meanwhile, Jay McClure, a pro for whom Chris had been working in Lubbock, Texas, let the local Spalding representative know that Chris, who had been using Spalding equipment for some years, would probably join the tour in January. Spalding signed him up as a staff member—which means free golf clubs, a free bag and an ample supply of balls (important, even as it was in Wanamaker's day, since the average pro uses 750 a year). The local Foot-Joy man in West Texas got the word, too, and came through with a couple of pairs of shoes. Blocker phoned Fred Hawkins, a veteran playing pro who lives in El Paso and is on the staff of Lord, and Hawkins said he would see what he could do about getting some shirts and sweaters for the rookie. Finally, Chris bought himself a new Dodge four-door sedan capable of carrying all his equipment, which was plenty. When he set out for Los Angeles, he had the car loaded with his golf bag, six dozen new balls, two dozen sport shirts, 20 pairs of slacks, five pairs of golf shoes, two business suits, three sport jackets and 10 dress shirts. He arrived in Los Angeles on January 2, two days before he had to try to qualify for the L.A. Open, and went straight to a cousin's house where he stayed several nights.

Neither a Class A membership in the PGA nor an ATP card guarantees a golfer one of the 144 starting places in the normal tour tournament. To begin with, something like 90 or 100 of the 144 places belong to those with various kinds of exemptions, such as being one of the top 50 money winners of the previous year. In addition, anyone who "made the cut" in the preceding PGA tournament—i.e., was among the 70 golfers whose scores on the first two days were low enough to qualify them for the final 36 holes—is automatically eligible. The rest must play an 18-hole qualifying round on the Monday prior to the tournament to obtain the positions available after all of the exemptions have been taken care of. Sometimes as many as 50 places are open, but at Los Angeles there were just 19.

The Rancho Golf Course, the public course where the Open is played, is closed to all but contestants during the tourna-

ment week, so Chris Blocker found that his first pro golf test, the Monday qualifying round, would not even get him to a PGA tournament site. He and a thick-euf of other rabbits assembled at another course, Hillcrest Country Club, and there Blocker started his touring career by shooting an excellent 69. It was the second lowest qualifying score of the day, and at last he was officially in the L.A. Open.

He accepted his small success casually enough, and seemed self-possessed at the Rancho course two days later when he was asked what it felt like to be strolling through a clubhouse beside a Palmer, Casper or Venturi.

"Oh, this is pretty nice out here," he said. "You see a lot of class people, like over there is Jim Garner, the fella on television. We don't have much in the way of that kind of people down home. Of course, I've got plenty to learn about playing on courses like this. Those courses down where I live, they's just a lot of grass spread out across the plains and just nothing but flat land and a few sand traps and maybe 50 trees I'll be lucky if I can just pick up a little change until I get used to all this." It all sounded pretty folksy and certainly was sincere, and you might have found yourself wanting to suggest to this poor young rookie that he get back to New Mexico before somebody hurt his feelings. And then you remembered that he had tramped his way through some very big amateur tournaments at some very posh places—Saint-Nom-La-Bretèche in France, St. Andrews in Scotland, Broadmoor in Colorado Springs and Canterbury in Cleveland—and you decided he probably could find his way around a Los Angeles municipal course, even if Arnold Palmer and his buddies were playing it at the same time. This proved to be sound reasoning.

At 8:28 on Friday morning, Blocker teed off. It was cold, damp and bleak. He was playing with another rabbit and an amateur, and before a gallery of zero. His dress looked professional enough—and why not, with that carload of pants and shirts? but every time he followed through he exposed a section of bare midriff that somehow said rookie country boy. He was not exactly nervous, but for the first six holes he was afraid to let out on his drives and kept steering them. Then he told himself, "I've got to get back to hitting the ball,

get my timing back." His drives began traveling anywhere from 250 to more than 300 yards. Unlike most green young pros who hit the ball from a closed stance to see how far it will go (but know not where), Blocker swings from an open stance and moves the ball from left to right. That is where the control is, something that can take years to learn.

Before he settled down, Blocker bogeyed the 2nd and 6th holes to go two over par, but he birdied 8 and 9 to make the turn in even par 36, and he finished with a respectable one-over-par 72. He could look at the board where names were listed under scores, and there under 72 was Chris Blocker right along with Arnold Palmer, who had shot the same. It was something to think about.

On Saturday, in the tournament's second round, Blocker started with a birdie 3, and right away, as he said afterward, "I began to feel good." Three birdies and three bogies later, he stood on the 18th green and sank a tricky putt that gave him a 69, two under par for the day. By that time he had acquired an enthusiastic gallery of at least 10 people.

But he had also accomplished considerably more, for he had gotten off to about as good a start as any rookie could hope for: his 141 total put him just three strokes behind the leaders, Bill Casper and Dan Sikes, and four strokes ahead of Arnold Palmer; he had made the cut, thus automatically qualifying for next week's tour tournament, the \$34,500 San Diego Open; and he had a chance to win some money.

On Sunday he found himself playing with Tony Lema, decidedly a nonrabbit. There was a real gallery, even if it was not exactly an Army and not precisely there to watch Chris Blocker, and he now had a shirt that covered his midriff. Undaunted by the company, he shot a 71, one stroke lower than Lema, and tied for sixth. By now he was not a typical rookie at all. "Who is this Blocker?" asked Bruce Devlin. "I don't think there are any weak spots in the kid's game," said Lema. If there are, Blocker hid them pretty well on the last day, too. At one point he was threatening the leaders, and when the finality came in with a 73 he was tied for 13th and only nine strokes behind winner Paul Hareney. He received a check for \$1,400, which is \$1,400 that Chris Blocker will never forget, and off he went to San Diego, a mighty fast rabbit on a \$3.25 million run.

END



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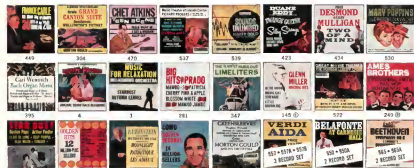


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SPORTING LOOK

THE NUILITY CULT

Six months after the topless-swimsuit brouhaha, bare skin—or styling that gives the illusion thereof—is the thing to wear under the sun. Where do we go from here?



Under a fishnet jump suit Sue Peterson wears a Body Stocking

not Line. (Did you ever see anyone in the topless suit? Do you even know anyone who bought one? A relatively small number were sold, and those mostly as gag gifts to brides.)

The fact is, however, that the Rudi Gernreich bare-bosom brainchild, which had more meaning as an idea than as a reality, seems to have forecast the shape of things to come. And its publicity shook the fashion world, just as it juiced up cocktail conversation in your home town and mine.

The Soviet Union denounced the suit as an indication of "capitalistic decay," though it was obvious that no one in any state of decay could wear one. The Vatican was displeased with it. The "industrial-erotic adventure" of the topless bathing suit "negates moral sense," said *L'Observatore Romano*. Many of Rudi's own design contemporaries turned to rend him fang and claw. A minority of Republicans tried to hang it on the Democrats' line as a moral issue.

Then there was the case for the defense—other designers who hailed the innovation and wished they had thought of it. Henri Bendel's dynamic lady president, Geraldine Stutz, said, "I only wish I were young enough to be one of the pioneers myself." *Women's Wear Daily's* pretty reporter Carol Bjorkman wrote, "What's the matter with the front? After all, it is here to stay, and it is awfully nice being a girl."

All this is typical of an era in which we are being jet-propelled into the acceptance of more extremely bare fashions than at any previous time in American life. Other changes in the evolution toward bareness have been gradual.

Take the bikini. Fashion savants now regard it as a classic, but it had an uphill fight all the way after its creation during World War II. An enterprising photographer fashioned the 20th-century version from some scraps of polka-dot material while seeking something new in which to snap the pinup charm of Chet Williams. I say the 20th-century version because the fashion itself is ancient. Bikinis graced the Sicilian ladies portrayed on tile mosaics from the diggings of the Piazza Armerina, proving

that 1,550 years ago Mediterranean beaches looked much the same as they do today.

With the determined help of Madame Vachon, whose bazaar on the St. Tropez waterfront catered to Brigitte Bardot and her imitators, the sunbathing girls on the French Riviera of the '50s and '60s made the bikini irresistible. Every time it was pronounced dead by fashion editors, Madame Vachon would mutter, "Zut alors," and run up a new batch of suits made of two or three bandannas. The public did not seem to care much what the fashion editors said.

Though the bikinis arrived only after a 20-year struggle, the nudity now so prevalent in the marketplace is being rushed into acceptance. It is as if the favor over the topless suit lowered the final barrier. As Eugenia Sheppard, Women's Feature Editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, wrote of Gernreich, "Sometimes a designer has to make a great big over-statement to put a good point across."

Since last summer we have had the ultra-expensive silvery Courrèges hip-bugger evening pants, which tie in a small bow just under the navel; Cole's swimsuit called Trapped, a filmy lace over flesh-colored nylon knit; an Italian white organdy top with real "breast" pockets, two linen patches covering just the bosom, the clear white plastic bra from Lovable with yellow daisies to pin on when modesty decrees. Brigrance's own descriptions of his *decouverte* clothes as "suggestive cutouts that are still polite", Gernreich's Shadow Shirt, a transparent lacquered chiffon dinner blouse over nothing but girl, a transparent skin-colored dress over a bra in skin-colored stocking fabric, Crabby's sheer dress with a flesh leotard underneath: Mary Quant's bare-bosom dress cut to the navel, with a rose to cover that; New York society girl Jane Holzer, posing in a black-lace jump suit cut down to the timberline in back.

There is hardly a swimsuit in any 1965 resort collection that shows as much girl as the Riviera bikini. But these cutouts, peepholes, fish-net inserts, chaffon and lacy panels expose such unex-

"In olden days a glimpse of stocking was looked on as something shocking. Now heaven knows,—Anything goes." Cole Porter's merry commentary on the "Gosh-all hemlock, what's the world coming to?" point of view was written 30 years ago. Yet its philosophy echoed around the world again last summer with the advent of the topless bathing suit, a fashion piff that caused more talk and less action than anything since the Magi-

pected areas of skin that the illusion is of being more naked than in the barest bikini.

Such a trend, whether Mrs. Grundy likes it or not, is all part and parcel of America's increasing accent on youth. If it is true, as Oscar Wilde once said, that the business of this country is youth, then he should have stuck around. In the year 2000 A.D. some 63.6 million Americans will be between the ages of 15 and 24. And one may presume there won't be a scopophobic in the lot. (Scopophobia, as all collectors of phobias must know, is the fear of being seen.) That set of youngsters will doubtless have totally discarded any old-fashioned concept that links nudity with immorality.

I have long held that bareness and nudity are for the young and firm, the attractive and nubile, having studied this social phenomenon in the company of fellow sun-worshippers. My friends in the 35-to-40 age group look absolutely dandy and are in an excellent state of preservation. From time to time we are all tempted to skinny-dip in the ocean or drop a top in recognition of Italian Designer Emilio Pucci's dictum that it is permissible for ladies to do so on their yachts and around their pools. Bikinis remain popular with us despite the theory that they belong to those under 25. In the realm of the blind the one-eyed man is king.

But just let some really young thing drop by the beach house and the fiction that we look so firm and fine in the flesh disappears. Tops are donned, and sometimes even shirts, to cover saggy mid-

riffs. In the beatitudes of bareness there is no substitute for youth.

There may still be a glimmer of hope for the rest of us, however. Geraldine Stutz says women today are "beauty-conscious in a natural way, seething with the yen for the best health, energy and shape, wanting to be as fit, as beautiful as they can with their own equipment. There is a hook-up between being more conscious of your body and your health and wanting to show more of your body and its well-being."

And this is where all the talk about the illusion of bareness comes in. The Warner Body Stocking (a flesh-colored stretch leotard) and Rudi Gernreich's No Bra (support straps holding net) show how designers are building beautiful bodies for us today through nonvisible support. And since there is no question that now you can be as bare as your body is beautiful, even women without good figures want to get on the bandwagon. These flesh-colored leotards and bras help disguise the faults while appearing to reveal perfection. It is quite a trick, even for the fashion industry.

Some experts on clothes believe that man originally imposed certain types of wearing apparel on woman to hobble and restrict her, to keep her in servitude. Her struggle to be free has had fantastic results since World War I, and lately she has far outstripped her mate.

Today while women fly about in handkerchief-silk dresses sans gloves, hats and undies, it is the man whose clothes drag him down. If you do not believe it, how about those 18 thicknesses of cloth

he wears tied around his neck in collar and tie?

Dr. J. C. Flügel, the man who advanced the fashion theory of the shifting erogenous zones (in one era the bosom is flaunted, in another the neck is the source of loveliness), also claims that clothes greatly reduce efficiency. "How much, we do not know, but the increased capacity of woman in the last few years since she has thrown off her trammels indicates that the loss may be no small one."

If we blend Flügel's two theories we are faced with the prospect of an interesting tomorrow. It could be a time when the erogenous zones stop shifting altogether; with no area of the body taboo, no zone will exist to shift. Tomorrow—all things being equal and human beings finally liberated from clothes except for pleasant, decorative and comfortable ones—everybody could work at 100% efficiency.

The topless swimsuit cast its own shadow last summer in the display gag of a Los Angeles store. In its windows one hanger labeled "Yesterday" held an old-fashioned Annette Kellerman suit, another hanger labeled "Today" supported the Gernreich topless, and a third hanger, labeled "Tomorrow," supported nothing. Is anybody happy about this trend toward nude coat hangers? The Coty people and their competitors are. Ever alert to new flesh for the cosmetic industry to gild, they are already developing beauty aids with which to improve on nudity.

—LIZ SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAY MAISEL

This resort season the challenge for a girl on a southern beach is how to reveal unexpected areas of skin without being arrested, a challenge that swimsuit and sportswear designers have met with the help of fishnet, cutouts, and fabrics that look like they are part of the girl. Flesh-colored maillots and bras further the illusion of bareness when worn under jump suits, swimsuits, and shirts and dresses made of see-through fabrics. At right, Jessie Sanders wears a fishnet suit over a flesh-colored bra as she wades in the surf of southern Baja California, where the pictures on the cover and on the following pages were taken. Where-to-buy information is on page 41.





For sheer illusion, Mary Sturdevant wears a skin-colored bra under a fishnet shirt.

A ring in the middle is all that keeps Sue Peterson's stretchable swimsuit together.





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that you can choose from (which includes 356- and 376-hp 421's!) and sent our 2+2's out into the world. If you haven't been lucky enough to hear one growl, ask your dealer for the special 2+2/GTO performance catalog. It's almost as much fun as driving one.

Wide-Track Tiger—Pontiac 2+2

**WHERE TO BUY
THE
CLOTHES
ON THE
PRECEDING PAGES**

SWIMSUIT ON COVER

The pared-away suit (\$28) worn by Sue Peterson is of nylon knit, designed by Rikki for Sport Tiso. The belt is not merely for design intrigue—it holds up the trunks in back.

FISHNET JUMP SUIT

The cotton fishnet jump suit (\$36) on page 34 has ribbing at neck, wrists and ankles. Designed by Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan, it is meant to be worn over a swimsuit or, as here, over Warner's skin-colored stretch-nylon Body Stocking (\$11).

FISHNET SWIMSUIT

The swimsuit (\$30) worn by Jesse Sanders on the first color page has a bodice of nylon fishnet attached to Lycra-Armel-and-nylon trunks. Harbor Road designed it to be worn with a matching brown strapless bra. It also can be worn as here with a skin-colored bra made by Warner's of nylon-and-Lycra spandex (\$4) or, in the privacy of one's own pool or the deck of one's own yacht, no bra at all.

FISHNET SHORT

The cotton fishnet short (\$28) worn by Mary Soudesant on the second page of color is meant to be worn, as here, over a beige linen bandeau bra (\$11). The straight-leg pants are made of cotton duck (\$20). The ensemble is by Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan.

PINK SWIMSUIT

The one-piece swimsuit (\$28) Sue Peterson wears on the third page of color is carved away at the sides and emphasizes the hipline. It is designed by Bill Bliss for Rosanne and is made of Helinea stretch nylon and Lycra.

All the swimsuits shown in this issue are available at Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. The fishnet sportswear is from Burdine's, Miami.

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THE STORY OF A SEASON: Part II

THE ROAD TO THE TITLE



Shocked by their opening loss to Minnesota, the Colts played a pivotal game against a Packer team that had just dismembered the Bears. Two plays in that game made Baltimore a winner

by **COACH DON SHULA** with **TEX MAULE**

IN THE WEST



The National Football League schedule runs for 14 weeks, and a lot of things can happen before the middle of December. Yet we had a feeling that we had blown it all when we lost that season opener to the Vikings. Then the next Sunday we beat the Green Bay Packers and won the Western title. At least that is the way we look back on it now.

The Packers, in their opener, had beaten last year's champions, the Chicago Bears. I knew we had a better club than the one we had shown against Minnesota, but Green Bay was something else again. In our planning for the Packers we spent a good deal of time working on a flood play—a play with three receivers spread to one side and Raymond Berry to the other. I figured if the Packers rotated their defense to the strong side, it would leave Berry with single coverage on the weak side. There are no defensive backs who can consistently cover him man-to-man. If the Packers did not rotate their secondary, they would have to try to cover Lenny Moore—flanked between the tackle and the end on the flood side—with a linebacker. The Packer linebackers are among the best in pro football, but no linebacker can take Lenny all the way down the field.

Designing a defense for the Packers was even tougher. No team is more versatile on attack than Green Bay. Bart Starr is a wonderful field general and a fine passer. Some people have said that he cannot throw accurately long, but that is not true. He is a complete passer who throws quickly and accurately at short, middle and long range. He is hard to rush, because he releases the ball quickly, and he is not a bad runner if the occasion arises. The key to the Green Bay running game is a power sweep, with both guards pulling out of the line and leading either Jim Taylor or Paul Hornung around the end. When Hornung carries, you have to worry about him throwing, too. The safety or the corner back has to commit himself quickly on the sweep, but if he commits too quickly you are open to a long pass.

During the week we worked on coverage and on putting pressure on the ballcarrier on the sweep, to force him to throw too soon or commit himself to the run. We worked on the flood series, too. By the time we left for Green Bay, we seemed ready. I did not know how ready we were mentally. After losing that one to the Vikings it was hard to figure out.

The game turned on two plays: one by our offense and one by our defense. The offensive play was a pass to Lenny Moore that went 71 yards for a touchdown, and it was a pass thrown from the flood formation. The Packers did not rotate; they depended on Dan Currie, a fine linebacker, to cover Lenny. Unitas called the play. I very seldom send a play in to Johnny. He is the quickest and smartest quarterback playing today, and I firmly believe that the quarterback on the field is in a better position than the coach on the sideline to estimate and analyze defenses. We came out in the flood, and Unitas saw that the Green Bay coverage isolated Currie on Moore. Unitas dropped straight back, looked at Berry on the other side for a second,

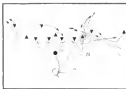
continued

PRIME MOVERS in the Baltimore running attack were Lenny Moore (24) and Jim Parker. Here Parker escorts Moore at start of long gain.

TWO BIG PLAYS



Interception by Linbacker Don Shinnick (above) in play diagrammed below was the key to the Colts' first victory over Green Bay. Packer Quarterback Bart Starr overlooked an open receiver (Tom Moore, 25) and tried to reach Max McGee (85), who was covered by Shinnick (66) and Lyles (43).



Baltimore flood play (above) isolated Lenny Moore (24) on Packer Linbacker Dan Currie (58). The flood is designed to force this kind of coverage and give linbacker an extremely difficult chore. Moore took pass behind Currie and went 71 yards to touchdown.

then threw to Moore, who had outrun Currie, and Lenny went on in for the touchdown. That was the big play on offense.

The play that won us the game came late in the fourth quarter—a little over a minute to go, third and nine—with the score 21-20 for us and the Packers driving for a touchdown. Starr had been throwing to Max McGee most of the day, hitting him on a square-out pattern, where Max started straight downfield from a spread position, then broke sharply toward the sideline. We were covering him short and deep, letting the corner linbacker, Don Shinnick, drop off in the short area and the corner back take him deep. We were gambling, because if another receiver came out of the backfield to the same side it meant we would have to take him man-to-man with our middle linbacker, Bill Pellington. This is a difficult assignment for a middle linbacker, since he has a long way to go to cover a man who is, by the nature of his job, much faster.

Anyway, at this time, late in the fourth quarter, the Packers had moved into our territory and they were driving. Starr called the pattern we were afraid of—a pass to Tom Moore against single coverage by Pellington. Starr dropped back, and Moore circled out of the backfield and was all alone. Then Starr threw—and he threw toward McGee. Shinnick went up and picked off the ball and closed the Packers out, and we ran out the clock. I don't know why Starr did not throw to Moore; maybe the defensive line had shut off the lane to Moore.

[Max McGee, the Green Bay end, said that the call was a pass to Moore. "We knew they were dropping Shinnick off to cover me short," he said. "When they did that, it left an impossible job for Pellington if the back came down behind me. So we called the play as a pass to Moore. I ran the square out, and when I looked up and saw the ball coming toward me I was amazed. I never had a chance to sit down with Bert and talk about the play. I don't think he could see Moore."]

So we won the game, and we picked up tremendous momentum. We had proved something to ourselves. I think no one was really convinced before that we were a championship team. After the Packer game we knew we could do it. Shinnick's interception gave us the win

and the confidence. If Starr had seen Moore, it might have been the Packers in the championship game, not the Colts.

After that victory over the Packers, it seemed to me as if every game we played was the game of the week. Every time we won it was a double win; we beat a contender, and then one contender beat another. We had thought that the race in the West would be a scramble, but as the season went along it turned out that the scramble was behind us—for second place.

After the Green Bay game, we beat the Chicago Bears, the defending champions, in Baltimore 52-0, as we perfectly played a game as I have ever seen.

Our offense had been good before this game, but it was against the Bears that the defense matured. Bill Pellington's calls on defense were precise and right, and the line put tremendous pressure on the Bear passer without depending on a blitz.

Then the Rams came to town, and at that time, if you remember, the Rams were in second place. We beat them, too. We were supposed to go to St. Louis to play the Cardinals—tied for the Eastern Division lead with Cleveland—but because the St. Louis Cardinals' baseball team was in the World Series the game was shifted to Baltimore. That was a break, too. The home-town advantage is not much in pro football, but it helps, and we beat the Cardinals, too.

In setting up a game plan for our next game—with the Packers, who were now a game and a half behind us—I knew there would be no way for us to get the same kind of coverage we had in the first game with the flood formation. We would not be able to isolate Currie on Lenny Moore again. You play blind chess the second time around. You know what the other team has done and what you have done, and you have to try to put yourself in the position of the other coach. You know he won't make the same mistakes, and he knows you won't. You have to try to imagine what mistakes he will make compensating and what mistakes he thinks you will make.

Since I knew the Packers would certainly rotate to the flood side in order to give Currie help on Moore, I thought we might be successful coming back to the weak side on passes to Berry and maybe on runs. It worked out pretty much the way I thought it would; we

continued



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moved the ball well but, then, so did they.

They departed from type on their offense. They used a quick toss to Jim Taylor, coming back to our weak side. We weren't looking for that, although Cleveland had used the same play against the Packers in an exhibition game and had some success with Jim Brown, so I might have known they would remember it. Then they ran the draw more than usual, and they pished off a fake draw. All of these plays gave us trouble until we could adjust at half time.

The big play in this game was again made by the defense, by Lennie Lyles. Starr threw a quick look-in pass to Ron Kramer over the middle of our defense, and Kramer lateraled to Max McGee, McGee, from where I stood, looked like he was free for a touchdown, but Lyles, who has wonderful speed, caught him on our three-yard line. Then we held for three downs, Paul Hornung missed a field goal, and the game was saved. The goal-line stand gave us an edge. There is no single thing in a football game that turns the fortunes of the two teams more suddenly than a goal-line stand. If you have the ball with first and goal on the other team's five and you don't get a point, it disheartens your team—offense and defense—and it inspires the opposition.

I was glad it was Lyles who made the play. He and I had had some conflict at first. I yelled at him a lot—I have a hot temper and once in a while I lose it—because he is a tough, aggressive player, and he had a tendency to draw penalties for using his hands too much. I think he resented the criticism at first, but he got over it. He is a fine defensive back, and he proved it on that play. In fact, he proved it all season. Against the 49ers, he did a remarkable job on their top receiver, Dave Parks.

The big offensive play against the Packers was an 18-yard run by Lenny Moore. Lenny has had many fine runs in his career, but I think this one may have been the most important.

He slanted off the left side of our line, and Henry Jordan, the Green Bay tackle, hit him as he reached the line of scrimmage. Lenny does not look like a power runner, but he runs with strong, high knee action, and he broke Jordan's tackle and slanted a little wider. Then Henry Gremminger came up and hit him hard. Lenny bounced sideways, kept his feet

and broke that tackle, too, and headed for the corner of the end zone. Jess Whitenton hit him on about the five and wrapped both arms around Lenny and I could have sworn he was down, but he kept his legs moving, twisted free of Whitenton and went on in for the TD. Even after watching the movies of the run over and over, I'm not quite sure how he did it. Funny thing. We talked of trading Moore for a linebacker before the season. He had been hurt most of the year before, and we had running backs and needed defense. But first we asked Lenny if he would like to play somewhere else, and when he said he didn't want to play anywhere but in Baltimore we kept him. As I said earlier, you have to be lucky.

We won three more games in a row before we met the Vikings for the second time, in Baltimore on November 15. They were only a game and a half behind us—still within reach. And even if we lost to them but still took the Western Division, most of the shame would be rubbed off. How can you really be the best if you lose twice to the same club?

I knew the Vikings would try to ram the ball down our throats; they had gained 313 yards on the ground against us in the first game and controlled the ball all the way, so I knew Van Brocklin would stick with at least that much of a winning game plan. So we set up our defense to contain the running as much as possible. We knew that Tarkenton would roll out of the pocket to get away from our rush, looking for time to hit the cracks in our zone pass defense. The cracks usually open up 12 to 15 yards downfield, and in the first game he hit them real well. Usually against a roll-out quarterback my theory is to let him roll.

Once you make the quarterback run he's playing your game; most quarterbacks can't throw well from a run, and quarterbacks kill you throwing, not running. But with Tarkenton you can't do that. Because he throws well running, you have one of two choices: you either use your linebackers to lay back and seal up the cracks, or you use them to force, to come after the quarterback and make him unload. We used them to force, and it worked. The Vikings had scored 34 points on us in the first game; in the second we held them to 14. Their run-

ning game still worked; they ran better against us in both games than any other team we played.

There were three key plays in this game, all by our offense. And one substitution helped. The first key came late in the game, when we were behind 14-10. It was fourth down and seven yards to go, and we were in field-goal range. The decision I had to make was whether to go for the first down and maybe a touch, or kick the field goal, which would make it 14-13 and put us in field-goal range of a victory. Lou Michaels was a little off that day, so I decided to go for the first down. I did not send in a play; I had faith in Unitas' call. He called a screen pass off a fake into the line by the half-back and threw out to Moore. Lenny caught the ball, got two blocks and picked up the first down.

Two plays later, we got the touchdown that won the game. Berry was hurt for this game, and I had put Willie Richardson in his place. Richardson broke a pass pattern earlier in the game and Unitas seemed upset, so I took Richardson out and put in Alex Hawkins. I don't like to use Hawkins on the offensive unit; he is so valuable as captain of our special units that I like to keep him in that capacity. But he is a good, steady receiver, and this was a big game. So I put him in.

Unitas felt that Hawk could get loose with an outside move on the back covering him, so he first ran an out, then an in pattern, and he was open both times. Two plays after we picked up the first down, Unitas called the out again, and Hawkins made an unbelievable catch for the touchdown that won us the game. If we had kicked the field goal we probably would have lost, since the Viking ground game was going real well against us and all they would have had to do was control the ball for a 14-13 victory.

The third key play was not as dramatic as the first two, but it may have been just as important. We took the ball away from them again after the touchdown, since they had to throw and go for a big gain to set up a score.

When we got the ball it was up to us to grind it out. We had third and four, and if we missed on this first down the Vikings would have one last shot at a touchdown or a field goal. The Vikings looked for a short pass, and they went to double coverage on our prime receivers. And Johnny, in a typical Unitas

continued



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STORY OF A SEASON

move that combined intelligent, quick analysis of a defense with the daring to call in unorthodox play, called a quarterback draw.

He dropped back in the pocket and cocked his arm, and the pass defenders flew out of there. Then he tucked the ball under his arm and ran up the hole in the middle for the first down. Then we ran the clock out, and I told Johnny just to take the ball and fall down. But even on the quarterback sneak he was looking for a hole to run through. He likes to make yards even running out the clock.

We finally wrapped up the Western Division championship against the Los Angeles Rams. I don't think there was any single important play in this game. If there was a trademark on this Colt win, it was our defense. We got to the Ram quarterbacks 11 times on their pass attempts and threw them for nearly 100 yards in losses. And it's a good thing we did, because their front four—Lamar Lundy, Merle Olsen, Rosey Grager and David Jones—reached Johnny five times, which is a lot. We had no luck throwing against the Rams, mainly because of that pressure. The Ram front line is going to be one of the best in the business. We hit two good long passes, though, when Johnny reached Berry behind Aaron Martin, the rookie corner back, and John Mackey beat the Rams' strong-side safety for a long gain.

For some reason, Rosey Grager always has a good day against Jim Parker, our All-Pro guard, but we got a big touchdown in the game when Benny Moore followed Parker on an inside trap for a touchdown. The Ram game was not one of our best, but it did clinch the Western Division championship for us.

The last three games of the season were naturally anticlimactic. We played poorly against San Francisco and won, because the defense rose to the occasion. We played poorly against Detroit and lost. In our last game we played Washington and beat them 45-17.

I thought at the time that it was a good thing to win the Western title early so that we could use the last three games to blood some of the players who had not been given much opportunity to play during the season. But maybe we lost our momentum. There was certainly something missing that Sunday in Cleveland.

END

Mrs. Richard Burton, that Elizabeth most British than the Queen, arrived in London with dark glasses hiding a black eye and a plaster stuck to her white-marble forehead. "I had a bit of an accident in Switzerland," she declared. "I was tobogganing with the children and we had a fall." That was at least more plausible than earlier reports of a skiing accident, since film producers had forbidden the Burtons to ski.

When Edison Arantes de Nascimento of Brazil, better known as Pelé, plays soccer in Germany, seats are sold out weeks in advance. When the world's most adulated professional athlete is scheduled in Spain, fans wreck ticket booths. Prince Philip, visiting Brazil, said there were two things he wanted to see: Sugar Loaf and Pelé. Now the inevitable has happened. Santos, his home town, has opened a museum devoted wholly to Pelé. In a place of honor among the predictable soccer shirts, shoes, balls, statues and ribbons is a not-so-predictable shoebox, the same one Pelé carried

as a boy to earn money for his family back in Bauru. "Nobody can imagine how hard I had to work just to buy the materials for this box," said Pelé soberly, whose annual income is now some \$200,000.

In new Minority Leader Gerald Ford, Republicans in the House of Representatives now have a man capable of blunting any legislative flying wedge the Democrats might attempt. Ford was a center on the University of Michigan football teams of 1932-34, good enough to play in the East-West and College All-Star games. Representative Ford, moreover, is in excellent playing condition. Every morning and evening he swims a long session of laps in his heated pool ("I'm often awakened by a splash in the dark hour before dawn," says Mrs. Ford), and he spent the days just before the House leadership fight skiing at Boyne Mountain, Mich. Ford also golfs, but more often he plays tennis and tosses a football around with his family. Reports his wife, "He's made a fine center out of our 7-year-old, Susan."

Dr. Billy Graham (left) turned up at the University of Illinois, not to minister but to be ministered unto. Specifically, Dr. T. K. Cureton's Physical Fitness Laboratory was measuring what progress its well-known subject was making in his fitness regimen, since tests had shown him "slightly under average in cardiovascular reaction, strength and motor ability." Said Cureton: "Dr. Graham was exhausting his nervous system by the tremendous effort he makes in speaking. There is some improvement now."

The Irish Republican Army was not impressed by the argument that Princess Margaret was visiting Eire as plain Mrs. Antony Armstrong-Jones. When Tony led a nine-gun pheasant-hunting party across the grounds of Bir Castle, home of his moth-

er, the Countess of Remse, I.R.A. threats necessitated more firearms among the bodyguards than among the hunters. Most of a 100-man police guard went along. Nothing happened, however, until several nights later, when members of the I.R.A. felled trees to block estate roads, shattered motor windows with a bomb and threw Molotov cocktails at pursuers. This was not very nice of them, especially since Tony and Margaret had visited the town pub the previous evening—to sing Irish songs with the other customers.

Living like a family of trolls in Hubert Humphrey's basement are a top-secret number of Secret Service men, who emerge, blinking, only occasionally. Since Veep Humphrey's Chevy Chase house is relatively tiny, the men are exiled to the pine-paneled "recreation" room, a minimalist affair devoid of ping-pong table or dart board. The job does, however, have compensations. Munching lunch from brown paper bags, the Secret Service has scrutinized every play of the AFL and NFL championship games, several bowl games and last week's NFL All-Star game. "We are more comfortable in the Humphrey basement than in many other quarters we are required to inhabit," said one Secret Service man.

Jack Nicklaus (right), world's highest-paid basketball player, drove, rebounded and jump-shot in a rough-and-tumble half-court pickup game. A onetime Upper Arlington high school basketball star, Nicklaus recklessly threw about his \$100,000-plus extremities, playing a full, sweaty hour, preceded by a quarter-mile jog around the Athletic Club of Columbus' indoor track. He then finished with a handball game with amateur golfer buddy Pindel Savie, Ohio State quarterback on the 1950 Rose Bowl team. "Just rest and relaxation," said Jack, untimely by the start of the pro

tour in Los Angeles. "No golf for me."

"I'm feeling good," said Carl Sandburg on his 87th birthday, although he declined to lift a chair over his head with one hand—a duty constitutional ascribed to him by biographer Harry Golden. But Sandburg continues to hike through the woods around Flat Rock, N.C. every sunny day, collecting leaves, pine cones, lichen, nuts and seeds, and he admits spending an unpoetic amount of time watching ball games—"any kind"—on television.

Because of the hunter from Huntsville (Ala.), not one member of the Sabine River Deer Club bagged a buck in deer-infested Grant County, Ark. The club members were only slightly interested in bagged deer, anyway, preferring to gawk at their bagged guest, Werner von Braun. Dr. von Braun was on a brief vacation, but he had been wired for sound by the space center so they could contact him every two hours via walkie-talkie and two-way radio.



A bad penny shines again



After 16 fighting years the National Hockey League thought it was done with Terrible Ted Lindsay, but he's back again—bad as ever

The old bromide that says a bad penny always returns has never had much application in sport—not, anyway, until Terrible Ted Lindsay returned to the Red Wings. Terrible Ted was a bad penny, all right, and one of the best left wingers in the whole history of the National Hockey League. When Ted quit in 1960 at the age of 34 after 16 NHL seasons, he took with him battle scars formed by 760 stitches, a left-wing record of 365 goals and an all-time record of 1,635 minutes in the penalty box. He left behind a hundred-odd bruised or scarred opponents who had got in his way and a handful of officials who were not in the least bit sorry to see him leave.

Now, after four years of eclipse as a respectable, golf-playing Detroit businessman, Bad-Penny Lindsay is back on the ice again as a fighting Red Wing. And—as ever—he is neck-deep in trouble with the league. "It's great," says Ted, "to be doing something you love. Especially when you never thought you'd be doing it again."

What Ted loves best became apparent two weeks ago when he challenged Umpire Vern Buffey during a game at Toronto. Ted's young teammate, Goalie Roger Crozier, had been cut on the face by a Toronto's player's stick, and Buffey did nothing about it. Lindsay decided to correct the oversight. "That's the third one you've missed," he growled at Buffey. "The Leafs should have had three five-minute penalties already for draw-

ing blood, but you haven't given them a single one."

According to Lindsay, Buffey cursed him and shouted: "You shut up or I'll run you out of the league." "That's the first time that a referee ever swore at me," says Ted. "So I started to use some adjectives, too." Buffey retaliated with a misconduct penalty (automatic \$25 fine) and a game-misconduct penalty (automatic \$50 fine).

At first Lindsay refused to pay the fines and defied the authority of NHL President Clarence Campbell to make him do so. "I'm not going to hold still for Campbell's kangaroo court," he said, "and if he wants to take me to a real court, I'll have my own lawyer." Campbell responded by suspending Lindsay, pending payment of the fines. Two hours later Lindsay agreed to pay and signed a statement of apology. He was reinstated in time to play that evening in Montreal. But, he says, "I signed under protest." And, since then, he has seemed far from contrite.

"This is a dark day for hockey," Campbell told Detroit Manager Sid Abel when he heard that Lindsay was coming back, and Lindsay has given him no reason to change his mind. But why, more sympathetic fans might ask, did Lindsay bother to come back? A four-year layoff is a long time in any sport. In ice hockey it is an eternity. At 39, Canadian-born Robert Blake Theodore Lindsay, a naturalized U.S. citizen, is an eminently successful businessman who

has no need of hockey's money and, indeed, has arranged to have his Red Wing salary stretched over some years to avoid income-tax imbalance. Why, then, did he want to return to the rough-and-tumble of hockey?

Ted Lindsay's answer is one of pure sentiment—an odd affliction for him. "I thought it would be nice," he says, "to finish my career as a Red Wing." Corny, perhaps, but understandable. After 13 spectacular seasons with the Red Wings, Lindsay was traded to Chicago in 1957 for feuding with the then Detroit manager Jack Adams. "The Black Hawks treated me fine," he says. "But it wasn't the same. The fire was out. I quit before I should have. I'm a Detroit guy. I played here a long time. I live here and I'll die here. I'm just finishing up something the right way, something that bothered me when I was traded."

About midway through last hockey season Ted asked his old friend Abel, who had succeeded Adams, if he could work out occasionally with the Wings. Lindsay said he wanted to be in decent form to play with the Red Wing Old-Timers in their annual game against the regulars. "Ted played so well," Abel says, "that it got me thinking." One day last July, Lindsay stopped by the Red Wing office. The club planned to televise its road games, and he wanted to apply for the job as a "color" commentator.

"Never mind the TV," Abel said to him. "Do you think that if you really got in shape you could play again?"

Lindsay laughed. "Thanks for thinking of me as a player," he said, "but I haven't played in four years."

"How old are you now?"

"I'll be 39 next week."

"That's not too old," Abel said, "You never abused your body. Your weight is still the same. I really think you could do it. We could use another left winger. You could try it in training camp and see how it goes. Think about it." That evening Lindsay discussed it with his wife, Pat. Her reaction: "You're not serious?"

Her fear, she admits now, was injury—"something I never worried about when he was a player before."

Ted himself feared he would not make it. In August he made reservations for a March ski vacation in Aspen, Colo. In September he reported to the Red Wing training camp at the Detroit Olympia. Had the Red Wings trained in Canada, as most teams do, Lindsay could not have

left his business. As it was, his work schedule complicated the situation. He was up at 6 a.m. to drive 40 miles from his sprawling suburban ranch home in Birmingham to be on the ice at 8. He had requested the early shift in order to have time to do a full day's work. "Those first few days I was beat," he says. "I was in bed by 9 every night. My legs held up. But my upper body was like spaghetti." Lindsay knew he could not expect any favors. In his first game Tim Horton, one of the big defensemen on the Toronto Maple Leafs, slammed him into the white wooden boards surrounding the rink. Lindsay instinctively retaliated with an elbow.

"There wasn't much power behind it," he says. "When I got hit I could feel the strength ooze out of me. But I still had all my arms and legs, and that was a victory right there."

Other victories followed. Gradually he regained much of his old timing and by midseason he had scored eight goals, only one less than his famous teammate, Gordie Howe. Perhaps more significant, he again was thriving on turmoil. His 97 penalty minutes put him among the league leaders, and he had been involved in several brawls. In one bare-knuckle battle he gave away 35 pounds, six inches and 11 years to Montreal rookie Ted Harris. That night Ted Lindsay showed his age. After the game he plopped into the whirlpool bath. "I was so tired," he explained, "that I could hardly lift my arms."

But on other nights he has successfully defied the years. "He's had some big games for us," says Abel. In one, he scored twice to win 3-1. Those were his sixth and seventh goals, and later a newspaper asked if he were hoping to score 20, a status symbol in hockey similar to a .300 batting average. "Not 20 yet," said Lindsay with a wink. "I'll take eight first." Whatever Lindsay scores, it will be a lesson in the value of maintaining some semblance of physical condition. During his four-year layoff Ted faithfully did calisthenics each day. Golf and skiing provided more exercise. Cigarettes were no problem, he does not smoke and he drinks only beer. And he has never forgotten the importance of mental preparation. "In business," he says, "you get so you love everybody. But in this game you have to be mean or you're going to get pushed around. I keep telling myself," says Terrence Ted Lindsay. "Be mean! Be mean!"

END



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A year of hope and devil-take-the-hindmost

The indoor track season got under way last week, and despite forebodings of disaster the outlook suddenly brightened. There will be girls, more foreign stars and new races to take the place of banished collegians

Two months ago the prospects for a successful indoor track season seemed about as rosy as winter slush. The combination of post-Olympic ennui and post-truce hostilities between the National Collegiate Athletic Association and the Amateur Athletic Union made promoters wonder where they would get enough athletes to fill their programs or enough ticket buyers to fill their seats.

They need not have worried. What threatened to be one of track's duller winters in years shows every sign of being its highest and most exciting. Last week in San Francisco a crowd of 11,412 showed up at the Cow Palace for the first indoor meet of the season. No legitimate indoor records were jeopardized, but as a preview of things

to come the meet was a rousing success.

First of all, it was revealed that there will be girls, lots of them. There will be plenty of visitors from abroad, too, the largest and most exotic group the indoor season has ever enjoyed. There will be imaginative new events that would have tickled P. T. Barnum. And finally, to assuage fears of the serious indoor track enthusiast that more cake than bread will be available, there will be lots of plain, nourishing competition.

What there will not be are very many relay races. The runners for these events generally are provided by the colleges, but shortly after the Olympics the NCAA, in what it fancied to be a deft thrust in its administrative swordplay with the AAU over who should do what with

what and to whom, raised the specter of ineligibility for collegians who competed in an open track meet sanctioned by the AAU. A few colleges will ignore the NCAA, some collegians will try to compete as unaffiliated entrants and a handful of colleges with good teams, such as Texas Southern and Maryland State, are not members of the NCAA and will be running. The effect of the NCAA action, however, will be to reduce the number of high-ranking collegiate competitors appearing in open meets. The AAU's antidote: bring over between 30 and 40 foreign athletes from Japan, Russia, Australia, Poland, New Zealand, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Great Britain and, for the first time, Kenya and Ethiopia. Virtually all of



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these will be athletes who performed with distinction at the Tokyo Olympics.

The most significant addition, to fill in for the relays, will be a genuinely first-rate batch of women. From Rumania will come graceful Yolanda Balas, world record holder in the high jump; from Great Britain pretty Mary Rand, who won the broad jump in Tokyo; from Russia the fierce and husky Tamara Press, Olympic shotput champion. Australia has sent two of its bronze medalists, Judith Amoore (400-meter run) and Pam Kilborn (high hurdles), and in their first try the Australian girls set new indoor records. In San Francisco, Judith won the 440 by 50 yards in 55.8, Pam the 50-yard hurdles in 6.4. Runner Amoore, a little blonde, was recently married and is now on a honeymoon of sorts. Unfortunately, she could not afford to bring along her husband.

"But we did try to make up a honeymoon package of England's Robbie Brightwell and Ann Packer," claims Colonel Don Hull of the AAU. The hitch there was that Brightwell, fourth in the 400-meter run in Tokyo, and his wife of two weeks, who won the women's 800-meter run, were declared professionals after they capitalized on their fame by endorsing various products.

High Jumper Valeri Brumel, Russia's Olympic champion, will be back for his third campaign on the boards. New Zealand's Peter Snell, the world's best middle-distance runner, probably will appear at least once on the West Coast, most likely at the Los Angeles Times meet on February 13. Belgium's Olympic steeplechase champion, Gaston Roelants, may run in the Times meet's two miles. Harald Norpoth of Germany, second to Bob Schul of the U.S. in the Olympic 5,000, will compete indoors, and so—probably will Wilson Kiprugut of Kenya, a surprising third behind Snell in the 800 meters in Tokyo. Making a late-season appearance will be Australia's Ron Clarke who, despite a strange lack of confidence, has set world records at three and six miles and 10,000 meters. Here already for early-season appearances are Britain's John Cooper, a tall, strong, wide-shouldered 400-meter hurdler who finished second to Rex Cawley of the U.S. in Tokyo, and Alan Simpson, a miler with a powerful finish who was fourth at 1,500 meters. Both competed in San Francisco.

The most surprising visitor, however,

continued



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TRACK & FIELD *continued*

could be the two-time Olympic marathon champion from Ethiopia, Bikila Abebe. If he proves to have the adventurous spirit that meet promoters are counting on, he will be asked to run in the winter season's weirdest event. There is a likelihood that Madison Square Garden fans some night will see the slender Ethiopian paddle around the board track a few times, then head out into the swirl of traffic on New York's Eighth Avenue and up to Central Park, returning slightly more than two hours later to complete indoor track's first marathon in 55 years. Were it not for the magnetism of Abebe, the race would be enough to make a real track fan pocket his stopwatch in disgust and march straight out of the Garden.

Even if marathoning by moonlight does become part of the program, it will not be the only offbeat event of the indoor season. Last week's meet at the Cow Palace provided two that could have originated at a cub scout jamboree. The first was a bit of business called an open 160-yard dash. In it the seven entrants were fired off the starting line one at a time, and each was racing solely against the clock. The race proved to be too much of an ordeal for Olympians Paul Drayton and Mike Larabee. They finished second and fourth behind a stocky 26-year-old high school teacher from Culver City, Calif. named Bill Tomney. His time of 16.8 is a world record that seems quite safe for the rest of the year.

The other competitive goody was an elimination game called devil-take-the-hindmost. This was a mile run raised to its most punishing, sedate extreme. Starting with the end of the third of eleven laps, the runner in last place after each go-round was waved off the track until two runners were left. As each lap ended, there was a frantic scramble for position, the winners (the losers?) continuing the agony for another 160 yards.

"We were trying to figure out how to keep the crowd excited," explained Assistant Meet Director Payton Jordan, the Stanford track coach, before the meet. Jordan need figure no longer. The crowd loved the race.

San Francisco also had plenty of what the winter must finally count on if it is to be thoroughly satisfying: the country's returning Olympic heroes. On hand were 15, but practically all were sadly out of shape. "I took four weeks off and gained

14 pounds," moaned 400-meter gold medalist Mike Larabee before coming in second in the quarter mile.

"I've been on the banquet circuit," was 10,000-meter champion Billy Mills's cheerful complaint. "I've had hardly any chance to work out, and my weight went up five or six pounds." Mills wore a dark blazer with brass buttons to dinner on the eve of the meet. "You see," he pointed out to 18-year-old distance runner Gerry Lindgren, "I button the top two buttons now. It hides my pot."

The Kansas Indian was entered in the mile. "Actually my wife, Pat, entered me. She figured I had less chance of being lapped in the short race," he said. No one even had a chance to pass Mills, let alone lap him. He led from the start, held off a last-lap challenge by Britain's fast-closing Simpson and won by a stride in a slow 4:08.1.

Lindgren was also out of shape. The ankle he injured prior to finishing ninth in the 10,000 in Tokyo is still sore. That and the deep snow in his home town of Spokane have limited his usually prodigious workouts. But he does not enter Washington State until February 1 and therefore hopes to compete in several more meets before the NCAA ban cuts off his winter competition. Last week Lindgren was soundly beaten in the two-mile run by George Young, an Olympic steeplechaser whose competitive schedule is limited only by his teaching job in Casa Grande, Ariz. Young whipped around the last lap as if he were entered in the open 160, and won by 40 yards in 8:50.7, a very brisk early-season time.

Like Lindgren, husky Randy Matson, who won a silver medal in the shotput in Tokyo and first place in San Francisco with a good heave of 63 feet 4, can also compete in his specialty until February 1, at which time he resumes his interrupted sophomore year at Texas A&M. And, like Larabee and Mills, Matson is wrestling a weight problem; but he has too little of it. In a post-Olympic lethargy he abandoned most of his weightlifting program and slipped down 15 pounds to a svelte—and weak—240. Some of the Olympic athletes have retired, a few will be back in school and others will be a while getting into shape. If they take too long some very determined non-Olympians will cart home most of the silverware. Whoever wins, it will be business as usual this winter—only more so.

END



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

A one-man team in a partnership game

His name is Lew Mathe, but in the world of bridge he is generally referred to, with some awe, as Big Lew. A rugged-looking man with iron-gray hair, Mathe is one of the country's top players, possessing both the self-confidence and the killer instinct so vital to success in topflight competition. Indeed, Big Lew has so much confidence and instinct that he is a difficult—some say impossible—partner. Over the years Mathe has run through partners like Kleenex. "I'll take the next player who walks through that door and whip you," Mathe has been known to say in bridge clubs around the country. Big Lew is, in short, a one-man team.

But in the last big championship of 1964, the Blue Ribbon Pairs, Mathe found a partner who just may be able to catch

anything Big Lew can throw. He is Bob Hamman, a young man who, with Don Krauss as a partner, had represented the U.S. in the Olympiad. Hamman is a low-key player of considerable talent, a hard man to rattle. Mathe-Hamman won the Blue Ribbon, coming from well behind on the final day. This week's hand, on which the two showed a combination of daring and barefaced fraud, helped them to victory.

East's takeout double, despite unfavorable vulnerability, was a typical Mathe maneuver against the Roth-Stone system employed by Jan Stone and William Passell. It was primarily intended to sow a few doubts in the opponents' minds as to who actually had the strength. It succeeded in misleading South as to the East-West distribution—thanks to a brilliant false-card by Hamman.


Declarer played a low heart from dummy on the first trick, and East won with the 9, returning the 7 of spades to the jack, queen and ace. Dummy's 10 of clubs was led, East played the 4, and South could have made the hand beyond peradventure if he had ducked. But he was understandably reluctant to lose a club trick to the jack—if West held it—and have another heart come through. So South went up with the king of clubs, on which West dropped the 8. Dummy was reentered with the diamond king, and a second club lead was taken by East's ace. At this point Mathe could insure the defeat of the contract by cashing the ace of hearts and leading the third club, relying upon West to have a card that would beat dummy's diamond 7. But this hand was played in the first session of the final, and Mathe and Hamman were shooting for the good scores that were to bring them a top for the session and boost them closer to the head of the field. Gambling on a bigger set than one trick, Mathe returned his 4 of spades.

South ruffed with the 10 of diamonds and cashed the diamond ace. Now had he continued with the diamond queen, South would have cleared trumps and brought home his contract. But Hamman made this play seem impossible by dropping the jack of diamonds under the ace.

Passell elected to play for down one, planning to lead good clubs until East ruffed. To his horror, however, Hamman trumped the high club with his 3 of diamonds. Dummy overruffed, and South saved something from the wreckage by trumping one of dummy's spades and leading a good club, forcing Mathe to trump and yield a trick to dummy's king of hearts. But dummy still had a spade to lose, and the contract was down two tricks for a near-top score for Mathe and Hamman.

END

East-West vulnerable
North deals

| | | | |
|---|------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------|
|  | | | |
| NORTH (Vire Alou) | EAST (Morie) | SOUTH (Percell) | WEST (Hemmen) |
| PASS | PASS | 1♠ | PASS |
| 1♠ | DOUBLE | 3♠ | PASS |
| 2♥ | PASS | 3♥ | PASS |
| 3NT | PASS | 4♠ | PASS |
| 4♠ | PASS | PASS | PASS |

LAND OF THE BUZZARD AND THE COROMUEL

*The inhabitants of Baja California Sur frankly consider the Yanqui
tourists who descend upon their cactus-spiked land to be
nothing less than denieuted. And truly, as is indicated by Jay
Maisei's photographs on the next six pages and the story by
Jack Olsen that follows, this is no place for the effete.
But seas full of fish, skies full of birds, and hotel-builders
like Bud Parr are turning the southern tip of Mexican California
into a magnetic new destination for sports-minded resorters*



Flocks of white-winged doves swoop down from hillside roosts at daybreak to the



irrigation ditches of Santiago, where a gunner from Florida lurks in the thorn thicket.





Vacationing Californians hunt lions in the wild Sierra Laguna, stalk grouper in one of the deep coves that lace the cape and dine in lush splendor at the Hotel Cabo San Lucas.





Silhouetted against El Chileno's diesel-powered marlin fleet, a boy prepares rods for



Americans who come in increasing numbers to troll the fish-choked Sea of Cortés.



PARADISE ON A SANDPILE

BY JACK OLSEN

When the Mexican Tourist Bureau decides to produce a brochure on the glories of Baja California Sur, the bottom half of the 800-mile-long peninsula that dangles southeasterly from Tijuana to the Tropic of Cancer, it is not likely to borrow any quotations from the German priest Johann Buegerl. The good father spent 17 years in Baja California and came away shaking his head dolefully, his mind full of dismal memories "of poor shrubs, useless thornbushes and bare rocks, of piles of sand without water or wood."

Two hundred years later, anno Domini 1965, *mivists* in growing numbers were trying to reach Father Buegerl's piles of sand. They were winging down in their Aero Commanders, sailing into Baja Sur's deep harbors in sloops and yawls and power cruisers and permitting themselves to be stuffed aboard DC-6s run by that quivotic carrier, Aeronaves de Mexico. Some poor benighted few were even trying the trip by automobile, across baking deserts, rivers of rock and lava beds, and along precipitous slopes that would give acrophobia to a mountain goat, all to get to a place that Father Buegerl reported was "hardly worth the trouble to take a pen and write about."

There is, of course, no *disparandum* with *paradisus*, as Father Buegerl doubtless would agree if he were alive today to watch the thousands of pale-faced *northerners* come, including the likes of Dwight David Eisenhower and Bing Crosby and Shirley Jones, wending their way down the long peninsula in search of fun, sport and a sense of discovery that familiar resorts cannot provide. The priest went to Baja to save the souls of "a handful of people who . . . have nothing to distinguish them from animals"; his description of the aborigines of Baja, from a theological standpoint, Father Buegerl and his contemporary clerics were on a sticky wicket from the outset, the Indians learned about hell and then, on chilly nights, would beg to be dispatched there to get warm; they were taught that a man should have but one wife, and then went out and collected three or four more whenever the fathers' backs were turned. As a final frustration for the missionaries from Europe, all the aborigines, the saved and the unsaved, perished of the white man's diseases: tuberculosis, smallpox and syphilis.

How history does its flips and flops! Father Buegerl felt that his main accomplishment in Baja California was the baptism of "the infants who were lucky enough to perish quickly before they had a chance to sin." And now there are regiments of vacationers whose idea of bliss is to spend two weeks on that same peninsula from which the pure

little babies made their escape into heaven. Whatever has happened to the place?

Hardly anything, and that is precisely the point of Baja Sur. There are, to be sure, some hotels and one city (La Paz) and a few small towns. But the dominant theme is bleakness and solitude and immutability. Father Buegerl's "poor shrubs, useless thornbushes and bare rocks." Baja Sur beats back intruders. It is conceivable that Bermuda or Nassau or San Juan may become overrun and "ruined" by tourists, like Las Vegas and Atlantic City, but no one is seriously predicting such a fate for Baja Sur. Through the centuries, bonanza towns have sprung up around mineral deposits, only to slip back into the sands when the veins ran out. Industries like whaling and pearling and shark-fishing have boomed for a while and then collapsed, and promoters from north of the border have swept down the peninsula full of clever schemes, only to emerge later begging for a vanilla mallet. Behind them they left the trap cactus, ready to rise up and give meddlers the business at the slightest touch. The iguana runs from rock to rock, sticking its tongue out at all unauthorized personnel, and the huge cardon cactus stands parched and brown, green only at the top, dying from the ground up like an old man. The buzzards run the mortuary parlors, the coyote polices the area, and the killer whale roams offshore, seeking to feast on the tongues of other whales. No one who is faced by the cruel realities of nature need call here.

At the very tip of the peninsula, around small habitations like Cabo San Lucas and San José del Cabo, Baja Sur is at its most garish and wild, and tourists who begin to take the place for granted can be letting themselves in for awesome surprises, as did a teen-age girl who is well remembered by one native of that area where the Pacific and the Gulf of California lie in sapphire conjunction. "She was trying to learn to water-ski," the local man remembers, "and her uncle took her out in the deeper water. She was falling every 10 or 15 feet, but then she caught on and she was going real good, and she went a couple of hundred yards and skied right over the back of a whale shark." The whale shark is harmless, unless you are a plankton, but this explanation did little to calm the poor child.

The natives of the cape area are much bemused by the visitors who now are swarming down via the dozen-odd landing strips gouged out of the parched soil. Luis Coppola, an old Baja hand and airline pilot, remembers a duck-hunting trip when the boom was just starting. "I had this little Mexican boy along as a retriever," Coppola recalls, "and he was all excited about the people flying in. I'd say, 'Shut up, I'm

trying to hunt," and he'd rattle on. "But, Señor, they are coming in with the boats and the motors and they go out and fish with a captain and two more men to help." And I said, "Well, this is great fishing down here," and he said, "Yes, but they spend all this money to get maybe one marlin, and you know my father? My father, he goes out and gets 10 or 15 marlin in one day all by himself." I never could make that boy understand the ways of the North American."

Nowadays it costs \$65 to rent a boat and a crew off the tip of Baja Sur to chase pelagic fish, those wild wanderers of the open sea: sailfish, striped and black marlin, wahoo, bonito, swordfish and tuna. For sheer quantity of such game fish the cape is rivaled by only a few places in the world. Fish stories are cheap and often exaggerated, but the absolute measure of the fishing off Baja Sur is the fact that the area has become a sort of world headquarters for light-tackle anglers like Bing Crosby, whose idea of Nirvana is to spend half a day connected to a 200-pound sailfish by a line about the thickness of a spider's strand. Light-tackle fishermen do not flourish in areas where one or two strikes are par for a day's fishing, because too many fish are lost and the light-tackle nut must have more than the average number of chances if he is ever to see his name in the record books.

This kind of fishing deserves special categorization, like paranoia, manic-depressive psychosis and Bright's disease: it turns otherwise normal men into monomers, breaks up homes and sends healthy men to early graves. One whom it has not yet felled is W. Matt (Bud) Parr, a former rancher, businessman and World War II OSS operative who liked Baja Sur so much that he turned his life upside down to build a hotel at El Chileno Bay and make it his permanent home. Parr has done everything but strangle fish on light tackle in the water off the cape. Once he was out with a friend in a 14-foot skiff, trolling with 12-pound-test line, when a striped marlin took the bait and began tail-walking straight toward the boat. "I couldn't turn him with that light tackle," Parr says, "and the motor was dead. So I stood up in the boat to shoulder the fish out of the way, and he got me across the neck and the arm with that raspy bill and he laid my friend open across the chest." Bandaged, Parr was back fishing the next day, proving once and for all that he is a light-tackle fisherman.

If Bud Parr is not the manifestation of every outdoorsman's dream, he will have to do till the real thing comes along. He made his first trip to Baja California Sur in 1947 and decided on the spot to sell out his construction business in Los Angeles and stay with the marlin and the doves and the mountain lions. For years he built places for others, stymied by a Mexican law forbidding foreigners to own land within 50 miles of the ocean. But five years ago providence intervened in the form of Michael Antonio Parr, born to Mr. and Mrs. W. Matt (Bud) Parr in Mexico and thus becoming an instantaneous Mexican citizen. Now 5-year-

old Michael (Mach) Parr is nominal owner of the Hotel Cabo San Lucas, a 62-room luxury establishment perched on the rocks overlooking a bay that once sheltered Chilean pirates. Little Mach, the lord of the manor, hired his father to run the place, and thus the laws of the Republic of Mexico were satisfied. Sixty North American shareholders, each putting up \$6,000, did not make Bud Parr's task any more difficult, and nowadays he can be excused if he walks about his son's hotel with the corners of his mouth upturned, cackling at his own now and now and then doing a bit of work. As for Mach, he is well aware, even at 5 years of age, that he is the lawful owner, and when one of his three older brothers gives him any lip, he says, "You stop that or I'll run you off here!" Sometimes Mach wanders up to strangers on the beach, proffers his hand and says, "How do you do, I'm the owner of this hotel."

As befits a man who is living out his dream, Bud Parr is a warm, amiable person who believes that a hotel should stay loose and relaxed, and he does his best to set the tone. A parrot named Pancho has the run of the place; he taps his beak on the glass doors of the hotel's restaurant, and when you let him in he hops nimbly up on the table and bolts all the butter putties while Parr screams at him in bad Spanish. The Parris keep four Labrador retrievers, and one of them, a chunky animal named Kennedy (after the Parr boys' favorite President), ambles about with a five-by-five block of wood in his mouth. When he wants to take a siesta, Kennedy paws the block down and rests his head on it.

Parr is forever regaling the clientele with jokes, none of them suitable for the Ladies' Aid, and when he comes to the punch lines his face lights up and he keeps repeating, "What? What?" to make sure that everybody knows it is time to laugh. As the comedian-in-residence at Hotel Cabo San Lucas, Parr does not deign to laugh at others' feeble attempts at humor. If he likes your joke, he merely says, "Um hum." He is also fond of playing tricks. When the hotel was being built, Parr slaughtered a fat burro and served it up to his construction workers. "Señor Parr," one of them said, "where did you get this delicious beef?"

"It's burro meat," said Parr nonchalantly.

"Señor Parr," said the same worker after a few half-hearted chews, "where did you get this bad meat?"

Bud Parr is his own best customer: at the drop of a hint, he takes guests to Santiago in his private plane to hunt doves, both because he likes to hunt the darting white-wings and because he likes to show off his skill with the 20-gauge shotgun. Parr takes his shooting stance as close as possible to his guest, so that both will have the same opportunities. "Don't worry," Parr said to me when I expressed some concern over this arrangement. "I ain't gonna shoot you unless you start flyin'." It is no trick for Parr to shoot 20 doves in an hour, whereupon the guests at his hotel are in for a gustatorial treat: *crêpes à la reyna*, a dove dish invented by Parr's Italian-born chef, Oreste Toni, a man who

continued

keeps his own counsel. After a dozen polite attempts by me and several broad hints by Parr, Toni was muscled into divulging the recipe, which he wrote out as follows:

"Onion Sautée" Butter. Golden 2½ Table Spoon flower Blend with ½ Tea spoon Paprika. Salt and Paper 2 York of eggs, chicken Broth Shredded dove, Sautée" in Butter. When Half Down, ½ Glass White Wine

"Seduce, and Put the above See in part of it. Make pan-Cake with flower, one egg and milk, roll up, Put in Square-pan. The rest of The Sauce, put some Parmesan cheese and Mix. And over The Crepes. Brown on The Salamander."

If that recipe means anything to you, consider it yours, compliments of the inscrutable Toni, who also features on his garbled menus such succulent specialties as cheese ka bob, poached eggs and musharoom omelett, all of them, presumably, Browned on the Salamander.

Parr's hotel has become a mecca for students of the deliciously absurd, culinary and otherwise. They sit around the hotel's open-air bar at night, guzzling Margaritas out of salt-rimmed glasses and listening to Parr telling stories and leading the laughter. "We make our Margaritas with a little bit of dumama," he says. "That's a Mexican drink made out of herbs. It's supposed to be an aphrodisiac, and I have four boys to prove it." But laced in with his salty humor is an almost childlike respect for the wonders of Baja Sur. "One day I was fishing all alone," he tells the guests huddled in front of the burning mesquite in the fireplace, "and I hooked the biggest sailfish I've ever seen, maybe 300 pounds. Most sailfish'll jump periodically, but this one just kept skipping on top of the water, jumping and diving with his full sail open, the most beautiful sight I've ever seen. After 45 minutes I brought him back to the boat and I grabbed the leader, and then the thought went through my mind that I was the weighmaster for this area, and I'd have to sign my own weighing certificate for a record, and I remembered how beautiful that fish had looked. I jerked the leader and the hook came out of the fish's mouth and he swam away."

"Did you lose him on purpose?" a guest asks.

"I don't know," says Parr slowly. "It's the lady or the tiger, I don't know the answer myself."

As a longtime sufferer from the light-tackle disease, Parr is tolerant of fellow victims, even when they are as far gone as the actor John Wayne. "He parked his yacht out here one day," says Parr, "and he comes in and he says, 'Parr, let's get the hell outa here. I got 27 guests on board and I'm up to here with 'em. Let's go fishin.'"

"So he tells the skipper of his yacht to expect us back at 4 o'clock that afternoon and off we go in one of my boats with 12-pound-test line. Well, the fishing was terrific. He had one marlin on after another, but I couldn't keep him from tightening down on the drag and breaking them off."

"At 3 o'clock we got another hookup and I say, 'Now, John, keep your hand away from that drag!' We were fishin' this marlin for about two hours and it comes to the top

and I say, 'John, that's a tail-wrapped marlin and you're never gonna bring that fish in.'

"He hollers, 'I'll stay on this fish if it takes all summer!' Well, that night, at 9 o'clock, 50 miles at sea, we landed that marlin—a puny little 150-pounder. But he had to have it. We got back in at 11, and all his guests were worried sick. Luckily most of them had done their worrying in the bar."

It is just as well for the peace and equanimity of Baja Sur that the natives are as happy and relaxed as Parr. They are Mexicans, but many of them bear names like Collins, Fisher, Robinson, Cunningham and Wilkes, names that go back to the days of English pirates who made forays, both larcenous and conciscent, into the area. Money means little to these smiling descendants, partially because they get most of their food free from the sea and the land, and partially because they have never had much money anyway. "I no understan these people," says a visitor from Mexico City. "Eef a mon from here have five pesos [40¢] he will no work. You ask hem if he want to make some money, and he say, 'No, *gracias*, I have five pesos.' " A popular canard about Mexico is that there is a right way, a wrong way and a Mexican way, but to that must be added a Baja Sur way, as exemplified by the farmer of Cabo San Lucas who had two windmills but took one down because there was not enough wind. Little English is spoken by these Mexicans, in contrast to their counterparts in other areas of the country, but they are more than willing to share their minor linguistic skills with the outlander. "I weel titch Spanish to you," said my friend Enrique, a cab driver of sorts. "You weel learn first. Yo say, *Unfrend, Etes, I es, You am, He are*."

San José del Cabo, a somnolent town near the tip of Baja Sur, is perhaps the only place in the world where you can meet treasure hunters. "Come weeth me and buy me dreenk in *cantina*," says a grizzled old man, "and I tell you where ees bury treasure." The little town, location of the Matt Parr orphanage for girls 4 to 12, has known boom and bust, first when its black-pearl beds became permanently contaminated in 1940, a happening which some blame on the Japanese, and later when synthetics replaced shark liver in the production of vitamin A. But no one in San José del Cabo seems down in the mouth. In the *cantina* there is an aging dervish who will dance for three hours straight on a bet, with a few refueling stops, and another character who will take on all comers in a beer-drinking contest, loser pays, and who is currently undefeated. Most of the natives keep a few cows and use the milk to make a delicious local cheese which is traded for staples like tequila and beer. (Occasionally one of the cheesemakers boils the milk in a copper pot, producing a poison which causes a few deaths in the community, but the natives' reaction is that nobody is perfect.) Another small source of income is shark-fishing. The firm white meat is sliced into squares, stamped "Norwegian Cod" with authentic Norwegian letters and shipped to Mexico City where it is served as

continued on page 68

BAJA CALIFORNIA SUR TRAVEL FACTS



GETTING THERE: Baja California Sur is the southern half of the 800-mile-long peninsula that extends from the U.S. border to Cabo San Lucas. To cross the border, vacationers need a Mexican tourist card, which is easily obtained through a travel or airline office. Aeronaves de Mexico flies DC-6s from Los Angeles to La Paz (round trip \$93) every day but Tuesday and four times weekly from Mexico City (round trip, \$82.30). At the La Paz airport numerous single-engine air taxis are ready to fly tourists the remaining 60-to-90 miles to fishing resorts that rim the Gulf of California, or the Sea of Cortez, as it is often called. The one-way fare is about \$20 each. A drive down the parched peninsula is not to be undertaken lightly. Only a few have made the journey over the unpaved roads, and some, like Eric Stanley Gardner, were

moved to write armchair adventures on their return. A growing number, however, are discovering Route 15 from Nogales on the Arizona-Mexico border. They cross the gulf at Topolobampo via a ferry that runs on *matas* (time to La Paz. Last summer the Mexican government began a luxurious ferry operation from Mazatlán on the mainland to La Paz. It makes the overnight trip on Tuesdays and Saturdays. Fares range from \$50 down to \$4; the charge for autos is \$30 up, according to size. The best and most popular way to reach Baja California Sur is by private plane. Each resort, no matter how simple, has its own landing strip. Most of these are merely hunks of desert scraped clean of cactus, and unlighted. Before flying to a resort, clear customs through a point of entry like Mexicali, Tijuana or La Paz. Fees for private craft

can be as low as \$1.75 in Mexico to an exorbitant \$40 in Tijuana. Gas—80-, 91-, and 100-octane—is generally available at all resorts and in some of the larger towns at double to triple American prices.

STAYING THERE: La Paz, an 18th century port city of 30,000, curls along La Paz Bay, once famed for its lustrous black pearls. There are several very good hotels. The best is Los Coccos. Set in a magnificent strand of palms, it scatters 40 rooms in a pink network of modern units. It is the only La Paz hotel with its own beach. It also has a swimming pool and terrace for outdoor dancing. Saddle horses are for hire (\$1 an hour), and the establishment is serviced at its own dock by the La Paz charter fleet. American plan only—\$15 to \$17.50 single, \$25 to \$30 double. Los Arcos, on the waterfront drive, manages to exude a *Noir* of the *Iguana* aura in its palm-shrouded enclave of eight double bungalows and an 18-room hotel, but it is a perfectly respectable abode. Rates are \$12 single to \$35 triple. The hotels serve the best food—none raise even two stars, but the *Misión de Santo Tomás* red wine is rather good.

Bahía de Los Palman is 65 miles south of La Paz. The resort hotel there, called *Bahía de Palman*, is informal and relaxed (14 thatch-covered rooms; \$10 a day) and completely devoted to fishing. The 2,800-foot landing strip is lighted. *Rancho Buena Vista* is 2.3 miles away in the crescent curve of the bay. It is a determinedly rustic resort with plain barrack rooms (\$15 single, American plan) and family meals served at one long table.

Cabo San Lucas has three resorts clustered at its tip. Two, *Palmilla*, off the swarming *Gordo Banks*, and *Hacienda Cabo San Lucas*, struggled next to a fish cannery by the Pacific, are restrained, elegant and clubby. Both are run by the swashbuckling son of a former Mexican President, Abatardo Rodríguez, who flies guests in from San Diego in his *Lodestars*. Each hotel has a

5,000-foot landing strip. The *Hacienda*, completed last spring, has a weekly package plan for \$250 which includes everything but boat and bar bills.

Bud Parr's Hotel Cabo San Lucas at El Chilito, between the two Rodríguez establishments, is the largest and most lavish of the lot. It perches on a rocky outcrop overlooking a half-moon bay, and Parr has given it the works: a cavernous dining room, tiered terraces slung with stone statues, a waterfall, Olympic pool, onyx bath chambers and a mariachi band. Each of the 62 rooms has a private terrace or a balcony. Rates are \$17.50 to \$30 per person. There is a 3,600-foot air strip.

PLAYING THERE: La Paz has three charter-boat fleets—and each resort has its own fleet. Cruisers range from \$40 to \$65 a day, twin 35-hp outboards are \$45 a day. Tackle is \$3 per rod, and flying fish, the *marlin* bait, are \$1.25 each. Limit is three billfish per boat per day. Licenses are \$1 when anyone bothers. Hotels rent shotguns for dove and quail at \$3 a gun, sell shells for 30¢, a good service, since, even with permits, getting your own gun past Mexican customs officers is *chancy*. For a pack trip into the Sierra after lion or mountain sheep, the charge of \$30 to \$35 a day includes guides, mules, dogs, food and overnight stops at ranches high in the mountains where Mexican families provide bed and board in wattle huts. Licenses for dove or quail are not generally required, but the government is only now selling a few \$200 permits for the limited spring season on sheep. Deep-water snorkeling, skin diving and water skiing are best done in La Paz, away from the sharks that prowl the coast, but the nerveless can rent equipment at the Cabo San Lucas resorts. In La Paz, *Deck Adecek*, a certified diving instructor from Los Angeles, runs completely equipped diving barges for \$10 a day per person. La Paz is a free port, by the way, and a surprising array of luxuries are stocked in *Ruffo Brothers'* century-old store.

bucaleso vivealeño, a favorite codfish dish in the capital city.

Some of this chicanery, one might suppose, stems from the pirate tradition. There is hardly a citizen of Baja Sur who is not related, biologically or ideologically, to the buccaneers who prowled the cape. And when the wind blows southward off the cape the natives will tell you it is the *Coromuel*, a designation that goes back to a pirate who went by the unlikely now *de mer* of Oliver Cromwell. This freebooter would lurk around the bays of the cape waiting for an offshore wind, then ride it out to sea and knock over the Spanish galleons coming from Manila. Thus the offshore wind became known as the *Cromwell*, later changed to the more Spanish spelling of *Coromuel*. It was just off Cabo San Lucas that another British pirate, Thomas Cavendish, captured the Spanish ship *Santa Ana* and her \$3 million in gold. And to make matters more dangerous for honest seafarers, there were land pirates on the cape; they would light pyres of brush along the rocky shoreline, and navigators would wreck their ships thinking they were rounding the lights of the cape. There are many small houses made of ship's plate along the Pacific edge of the peninsula. Skin divers and scuba divers brave the sharks and tidal rips to search for treasure where the pirates once roamed, but most of the natives have given up treasure hunting as a bad job. "Where is the treasure?" you ask them, and they answer: "*No más el Coromuel te dice*" (Only the *Cromwell* can tell you).

A more tangible treasure of Baja Sur is the Hitchcockian profusion of birds, in small, medium, large and extra large, from the tiny hummingbird to the albatross, with his 10 feet of wings and his taste for the open sea. In a lifetime of fiddling around with the outdoors, I have steadfastly resisted becoming a bird watcher, for some reason or other. But Baja Sur puts one to the test, and more often than not I found myself in the late afternoons sitting on the veranda of Bud Parr's hotel, binoculars tuned and ready, like a little old lady from Kennebunkport. One especially rewarding evening Pancho the parrot got himself stranded on the roof of the hotel; Pancho is a wee guy whose mouth outstrips his brain, and he was unable to retrace his steps to find the single tall tree he had climbed to the roof. So there he stayed, flapping his clipped wings and calling "Awwk" and "Hey, I'm hungry," plus a few indiscreet expressions in Spanish. Within a short time the frigate birds, those winged Blackbeards of the sea, had begun assembling over Pancho's head, circling closer and closer, perhaps attracted by the living color, until there were 18 of them peering down at him with their telescopic vision. Now there is nothing in the literature of ornithology to indicate that frigate birds will attack live parrots, but Pancho did not know this. His cries left the night, and the next morning we were relieved to see the frigate birds were gone and Pancho was rapping on the restaurant door for his pats of butter.

In Baja Sur the frigate is the king of the seabirds, he steals from honest, hard-working gulls, and he gorges on

the remnants of baitfish left by the swirling schools of tuna and dolphin. He is all hooks and angles, with wings that jut sharply forward and back as well as up and down, like two bent black boomerangs; a tail pluming off into sensors for steering; and a wicked-looking beak that hooks at the end like a safety lock. Structurally speaking, a frigate bird is to a pelican as an épée is to a putty knife, but if I had to spend the rest of my life watching one type of bird, it would be the pelicans of Baja Sur, those affable citizens of the rocks and bays. Bud Parr swears that pelicans have landed on his fishing boat and allowed him to stroke their backs, and I would not be surprised. It is my own impression that the pelican (or *alcotraz*, as he is called locally) is the most self-effacing and mild-mannered of birds. He engages in no wasted motion, no false histrionics, no posturing about. He wears a simple brown commuter's suit; he has a long, unsophisticated, no-nonsense wing and a dumpy, functional body, and yet he flies with consummate grace. He may be soaring gently on a high wind or flapping energetically to get off the water, his wingtips leaving round splashes in the sea, but in either case his body is not jerky-jerky; it is stable and balanced and dignified. The pelican is the Grand Touring car of the Baja Sur bird world, and at 30 mph the loudest noise in a pelican is the rumble in his stomach. He is, moreover, a people watcher, spending much of his free time watching the skin divers and fishermen of the area going about their craved activities. One day the sloops *Tangent* and *Psyche* anchored in Cabo San Lucas Bay and the crews went over the side skin diving. The pelicans came from miles around to watch, in their open-eyed, guileless but dignified manner, and one of them, perching on a needle of rock, leaning farther and farther out to take in the view, lost his balance and fell into the bay. A diver expressed his amazement. "That is the first time," he observed, "that I have ever seen a pelican lose his cool."

One afternoon I found a pelican lying on a tiny beach that stretched across the tip of the peninsula of Baja California, a beach of brown decomposed granite threading from the Gulf of California 100 yards through tall rocks to the Pacific Ocean. The bird was lying in the hot sun, fighting death, his heavy head lifting slowly and then flopping back grotesquely on the sand. Years ago, after a ship had been sunk off San Francisco, I found a cormorant lying on Sunset Beach, and I washed the fuel oil off his wings in the surf and saw him fly heavily away. Now I washed a pelican, but he was beyond help; there was no fuel oil in his feathers, only atrophy; his big eyes already were glazing over, and his wings hung loosely at his sides. I carried him to a shaded cove where the tide hissed across the sand, and I propped his head and walked away quickly so he could die with some final pelican dignity. That day there were rare clouds over Baja Sur; at sundown the sky seemed to tilt toward the west, and the pale washes of purple and reds flowed in long streaks down the night. **END**



Help
me
fight
Arthritis

*"My nickname used to be 'Champ' . . . I used to be the pitcher of our softball team. I used to play basketball and ski. And I was quite a swimmer—up until I got arthritis. I've had arthritis since I was 14 and it's become part of me. Sometimes I try to forget about it, but the minute you put me in a hospital and I'm here month after month—so many long discouraging nights that I sit and stare out the window—this is when I wonder, 'What's the use?' I'd like to get back into some work I could achieve in. Maybe it would be some work where I could help others who need help. And maybe, someday, I could think of marriage. But now I sit in the hospital and wonder, 'Why is this such a long stretch?' I hope I don't have to come back."

*from an interview with a Boston teacher, an arthritis victim

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"CARE TODAY . . . AND A CURE TOMORROW"

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

More than ever before, multiple defenses have become an integral part of college basketball. Last week coaches everywhere were busy shifting their teams in and out of a wide variety of zones and presses. Typical was Nebraska's use of a zone press, man-to-man press, straight zone and man-to-man against Oklahoma State. But perhaps the most successful exponent of the trend was Providence's Joe Mullavey, an expert in the art of combinations and zones (SL, Dec. 7). Mullavey's variable defenses have worked so well that at week's end Providence was the nation's only unbeaten major team,

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. PROVIDENCE (11-2)
2. PR. JOHN'S (8-2) 3. ST. JOSEPH'S (10-0)

Only minutes before his team was to play Bob Cousy's Boston College club, Providence's Joe Mullavey gathered his young players around a blackboard in the locker room and plotted a 1-2-1-1 zone press for use against the Eagles. The zone was designed to cut off BC's fast break and keep the ball away from 6-foot-8 John Ezell and Willie Wolters underneath the basket. It worked beautifully. The hustling Friars harassed Boston College's guards, and Providence led 26-8 after 10 minutes. After that it was easy. Bill Blair and Jim Walker, a sleek, 6-foot-3 Cousy-type backcourt who sets up, ball-handles, shoots, drives and even rebounds with consummate skill, each scored 28 points, and the unbeaten Friars won 89-79. Three nights later Providence went back to its combination defense (for only the third time this season) against Canisius. It smothered the Griffs, Walker got away for 27 points and the Friars took their 11th straight, 86-60, in Buffalo.

For more than a half, Davidson's celebrated 6-foot-8 Fred Hetzel hardly looked the part of an All-America against NYU in New York's Madison Square Garden. First Clem Gahard and then Ray Bennett, both just as big as Hetzel but tougher, guarded him so relentlessly that he had only a single field goal and Davidson was behind 47-42 with 17 minutes to play. Then Coach Lefty Driesell sent in Don Davidson, who had been held on the bench with an ailing insept, to play the high post and Hetzel moved to the side. Almost immediately, the poised Wildcats began to assert themselves. They opened the middle for drives by Hetzel and Charlie Maroon, Davidson (the player) fought for rebounds, Dick Snyder, who scored 26 points, threw in jumpers, and NYU quickly faded. Davidson won 82-73, but Hetzel was not happy. "I'm just not a Bill Bradley," he explained dejectedly.

St. John's, still savoring its Holiday Festival victory over Michigan, was almost brought up short by George Washington. The Red Redmen had to go into overtime to beat the Colonials, 72-70, on sub Henry Clues's tip-in. But St. John's was sharper

against Loyola of New Orleans. The Redmen routed the Wolfpack, 74-54.

Philadelphia's Big Five (page 18) had only one internal test, and VILLANOVA hammered La Salle 86-72. Its other members concentrated on out-of-towners. ST. JOSEPH's routed Lehigh 85-55 and Boston College 93-71. TEMPLE demolished Delaware 65-46 and Navy 67-40; PENN., already bruised by La Salle and Temple, took out its vengeance on fellow Ivy Leaguers, beating Brown 73-63 and Yale 80-64.

PRINCETON, the Ivy favorite, had a scare. Bill Bradley, held to 14 points in 40 minutes by Yale, finally beat the Elis 57-56 with seven points in overtime. Bradley then scored 38 points as the Tigers smashed Brown 80-58. CORNELL, after a big 106-96 win over Syracuse, took Dartmouth 95-91 and Harvard 91-53.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. VANDERBILT (11-2)
2. DAVIDSON (10-0) 3. DUKE (10-2)

NORTH CAROLINA's Dean Smith, after bleakly watching Wake Forest rip his disappointing Tar Heels 107-83 for their fourth loss in a row and with Duke next on the schedule, came to a decision. "I made up my mind to go with live men," he said later. "I told Billy Cunningham, Ray Roesper, Ray Hovell [a new starter] and sophomores Bob Lewis and Tom Givantek they were my team and that we had to control the tempo, stop Duke's fast break and open up when they overplayed us on defense." Smith apparently had an attentive audience. Carolina's man-to-man contained Duke's Bob Vega and Steve Vencadak outside and successfully shut off Jack Mann's favorite push shot from the side. The Tar Heels, meanwhile, attacked cautiously but accurately. Cunningham hit for 22 points, Lewis for 21 and down went the Blue Devils, a 15-point favorite, 65-62. It brought a caustic comment from Duke's Vic Bubas. "Whatever they did tonight, they ought to study real well and see if they can do it again," he warned.

Bubas had better begin to worry about some other Atlantic Coast teams. Wake took 88, which edged Virginia Tech 86-85 in overtime in a nonconference game, was in first place and Duke was tied for second

with NORTH CAROLINA STATE, a winner over South Carolina 68-49 and Virginia 73-67.

VANDERBILT, looking more and more like the best in the Southeastern Conference, had its strategy set for Kentucky. Coach Roy Skinner expected Adolph Rupp's team to go at his Commodores with zone defenses, and he was ready for them. Skinner set a gated almost ball to half-court and had him hold the ball, hoping that the Wildcats would send two men after him. Kentucky obliged and Vandy had no trouble getting the ball to big Clyde Lee, who shot over the Wildcats for 41 points as Vanderbilt won 97-79. Mississippi State was even easier for Vandy. The Maroons succumbed 94-70.

ALBANY, however, kept pace with Vanderbilt. With its big boys crawling the boards and Lee DeFore, Jimmy Gray and Larry Cart bombing away, the Tigers trounced Mississippi 77-53 and then shot holes in three different Florida zone defenses to win, 74-63. "You play it tough in this league or get killed," observed Coach Bill Lynn. "We play it tough."

The Southern Conference had a strange look West Virginia, which almost never used to lose to a conference opponent, was wallowing in third place behind Davidson and THE CITADEL after losing to Georgia Tech-Warriors 79-74 and NICHOLSON 74-71. But there is some cheer in Morgantown. West Virginia fans are showing up early on game nights to watch the unbeaten (10 straight) freshman team play. The fresh are averaging 100 points, and four of the top six scorers are Negroes, who next year will become the first of their race to play in the Southern Conference.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UCLA (11-0) 2. SAN FRANCISCO (10-1) 3. BRIGHAM YOUNG (10-0)

UCLA continued to show the variety of its skills. The aggressive Bruins, pressing and running like happy cubs, gave their northern league mates an awful Gail Goodrich helped shoot Oregon out of sight, 91-74, with 27 points and then Keith Erickson got 22 as Oregon State fell, 83-53. OSU's Jim Jarvis, who got to UCLA for 78 points, could hardly believe his eyes. "Every time I turned around there were more of them," he said, shaking his head, "and they were jumping higher."

Catching the Frisky Bruins in the AAWU was beginning to look like an impossible chore. But STANFORD, for one, may just have a chance. The Indians looked solid enough while trimming Washington State 70-43 and Washington 82-68.

SAN FRANCISCO's shooters were back on target again. Otis Johnson hit 10 for 12, Erwin Mueller seven for seven, all from within eight feet, as the Dons routed San Jose State 77-53. Then San Francisco breezed past Santa Barbara 102-69.

Western AC observers can hardly wait for NEW MEXICO's sungy defenders, the na-

continued

How a little pill helped me STOP SMOKING



From 4 packs to 0 in 5 days!

By Quentin Reynolds

"I was a 4 to 5 pack-a-day smoker. With the help of a little pill called Bantron, I stopped completely in 5 days. It's wonderful to think there is such a marvelous aid to quitting or easing down."

Bantron is an important medical discovery, developed at a great American university, that has helped people in over 14 countries to stop smoking. A series of clinical tests reported in a leading Medical Journal* established that 4 out of 5 people who wanted to quit smoking stopped within 5 days when they took Bantron. And the Bantron way is so easy and pleasant! Bantron does not affect your taste, or your habit forming. It acts as a substitute for the nicotine in your system, and eases your desire for tobacco.

Taken as directed, Bantron is perfectly safe. Just take 3 Bantron tablets a day, after meals, for four days. Then only 2 a day until all desire to smoke leaves you. 80% are "Free" at 5 to 10 days. Now all drug stores without prescription. Also available in Canada.

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK continued

tion's best, and BRIGHAM YOUNG's free-wheeling runners to tangle next month. But meanwhile the Lobos put down Arizona State 69-48 and Arizona 64-42 for their 11th straight. And BYU's Cougars, who would rather shoot than defend, raced past Seattle 92-72 and Utah State 99-90. But there was some consolation for the Aggies. They edged Utah 86-84 in Salt Lake City, where the Redskins almost never lose, as LeRoy Walker scored 33 points and big Wayne Estes got his usual 32.

Idaho State's DeWayne Cruse must have set some kind of a record for futility when his team lost to WEBER STATE 64-55. First the officials called a technical foul on him, then a second and a third and finally one on the ISU bench. Minutes later Cruse, called for a personal foul, threw up his arms in disgust and accidentally caught a referee full in the face. It cost him a fourth technical before the sensitive referee threw him out of the game.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OKLAHOMA CITY (10-3)
2. HOUSTON (9-6) 3. BAYLOR (8-3)

It did not take long for the burly-burly Southwest Conference, where upsets are the norm, to begin playing an old familiar game. BAYLOR survived the incessant fear of leather-lunged rooters at College Station to edge Texas A&M 80-77 on sophomore Darrell Hardy's twisting reverse lay-up and two pressure free throws in the very last minute. But then came retribution for the precocious Bears. RCT, beaten 10 straight times, slowed down Baylor's run-and-shoot game with a tight zone defense and shocked Baylor 59-56, and at Waco, too. "We were ripe to be plucked," mourned Coach Bill McNeel. "They just whipped us good."

Before the first week of conference play was out, Texas A&M lost again, to SMU, 89-77 and TCU, which had not won a conference game in almost two years, ended its 21-game losing streak. Led by sophomores Wayne Kries and Stan Farr, a 6-foot-9 center, who both scored 17 points, the Frogs surprised Texas 77-64.

HOUSTON, feeling 10 feet tall after outscoring Oklahoma City 64-54, was whittled down by NORTH DAKOTA 110-80.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (9-3)
2. WISCONSIN STATE (8-3) 3. INDIANA (10-1)

The Big Ten race was hardly under way and already there were almost as many contenders as there were also-rans. IOWA, on to new Coach Ralph Miller's running game now, was in first place after whacking Wisconsin 92-62 and Michigan State 85-78. MINNESOTA and PURDUE each had a victory, too.

Undeclared Indiana, however, finally found a team it could not press to death. ILLINOIS simply turned loose its big shoot-

ers—Elal Brody, Skip Eversen and Roger Redmon—against the Hoosiers and they ran away for 23, 21 and 20 points, respectively, and the Illini won 86-81.

Then it was Illinois' turn to go down, MICHIGAN, with some fence-mending to do after its disastrous trip to New York, set out to beat the Illini off the boards in boxy little Yost Field House. Bill Busch and Larry Truogning snatched up almost every rebound



MICHIGAN STAR Cazzie Russell, on-
tend by Illinois' Jim Vorpuska (22) and Pur-
due Pearson, battles for one kind shot.

in sight. Busch and Cazzie Russell poured in baskets (they each scored 20 points) and the Wolverines led by 13 early in the second half. Then the lead began to shrink. But this time Michigan held on to win, 89-83.

WISCONSIN STATE and SI. LOUIS, both 4-0 in the Missouri Valley, are heading for a showdown next Saturday. The Shockers shot magnificently—Nate Bowditch was nine for 10, Kelly Peis eight for 10 and Dave Leach five for seven—against Bradley and beat the Braves 85-79. Cincinnati was tougher but the overly cautious Bearcats also lost, 65-61. St. Louis opened up a 16-point lead over Tulsa and then almost blew it before winning, 54-53. Coach John Benington's new defense—a half-court press that fell back into a 2-3 zone—puzzled Drake long enough for the Bills to win, 66-63.

Big Eight opponents of KANSAS had a problem: whether to give the Jayhawkers their inside or outside shooting game. Obviously neither Nebraska nor Missouri had the answer. Kansas beat the Huskers 66-56 and Missouri 73-66. But the Jayhawkers had company at the top, OKLAHOMA STATE, playing Hank Iba's patient game, took Iowa State 54-52 in overtime, then went out of character to whomp Nebraska 93-54.

END

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

RELIEF

Sirs:

It is known throughout the football world that the AFL is creeping up on the NFL in popularity and caliber of play. But in my mind the Buffalo Bills set their league back several years.

If they felt such a sigh of relief because of Lincoln's serious injury (*Forget Fear for Buffalo's Faithful*, Jan. 4), they should have kept it to themselves. I consider this very bad taste on the part of the Buffalo Bills and derogatory to professional football players.

JOHN A. DeBENEDETTO

The Bronx, N.Y.

Sirs:

The article in your January 4 issue finally made up my mind for me. I quote, "But Lincoln, one of the toughest backs in the league, lay as if he had fallen out of a third-floor window. 'A thrill went up and down our benches,' said Buffalo Assistant Coach Joel Collier. . . ." Wonderful character building. Wonderful example. I realize as well as anyone that they aren't in it for the sport but for the money. But in this country we are used to separating businessmen with principles and those without. I see no further reason to watch or support professional football.

Further headlines reveal owners giving ridiculous amounts of money to players in the college ranks and even unashamedly signing players before they have finished their college seasons. It was recently revealed that a Georgia lineman, Wilson, was even signed before the season started. What a ridiculous set of standards to live by—illegal signings, unethical tactics and exulting over injury of an opposing player!

Since they are pros even the most hardened apologist would have to admit that the only difference between the winning and losing sides is the money in the bank account. So it seems they wish the worst sort of harm to someone else just for the money (or would it even be better if it was just to win the game?).

COLLEN E. COOPER, M.D.

Los Angeles

Sirs:

The statements made by Buffalo Assistant Coach Joel Collier and the reaction of the Bills' offensive unit after the injury to Keith Lincoln only lead to the conclusion that, with Lincoln and Lance Alworth playing, the Bills would have been shamed—and they know it!

ROY E. LITAK

Hackensack, N.J.

Sirs:

Injuries are certainly to be expected in this game, but it is a little hard to accept, complacently, the thrilled attitude of triumph as evidenced by the Buffalo team and coaches over the fallen San Diego player, Lincoln.

Perhaps, in the heat of battle, all competitors in all sports may temporarily feel such high enthusiasm. But the most disturbing thought is that this "trample the other guy—for keeps" attitude may become the type of "sportsmanship" that our young people will see practiced daily in all aspects of life.

FRANK E. NELSON

Newark, Del.

BOX OFFICE

Sirs:

It is tremendously amusing to hear the cries of outrage from Walter Byers and other NCAA officials because some college football players signed pro contracts too early (*Scorecard*, Jan. 11). Who cares? After all, these athletes have already been paid for four years by the colleges that hire them to entertain us every Saturday in the fall—so why be upset when these boys elect to continue their pro career in the NFL and AFL? And what matter when they sign? A pro is a pro is a pro.

And why the righteous indignation by coaches whose bowl teams lost players due to early signings? Why blame the NFL and AFL? After all, the boys are only repeating tricks they learned when the very same college coach was recruiting them in their high school days.

Walter Byers should forget the NFL and AFL, count his bowl game millions and go back to clubbing the track-and-field athletes into submission in time for the 1968 Olympics. After all, that's more TV money.

ARLIE W. SCHABERT

Indianapolis

Sirs:

I would like to take an opposite position regarding the contract just signed by Joe Namath of Alabama. What justifies such a contract? Our Joe DiMaggio and Mickey Mantles, our Stan Musials justified their contracts the hard way—by adding to the game, promoting baseball, boys clubs, etc. Has Namath yet done so? No. Nor has he proved he can make the jump from college football to the majors.

He will be getting more money than his coach! As much as the President of the U.S. Yes, there are movie and TV stars who have received more, but they have proved their worth at the box office. Joe Namath has not.

Surely a "ceiling" must be put on such contracts—for the good of football, for the good of sport and for the good of the individual.

ROGER S. PHILLIPS

West Falmouth, Mass.

MISS BYU

Sirs:

Your article on Brigham Young University (*Land of Cakes and 12 Tall Coconuts*, Jan. 4) was superb. Bob Ottum must have spent months at BYU or have a special gift to put in words an honest picture of the BYU student body and basketball team.

ROBERT OLSON

Roy, Utah

Sirs:

Hooray for BYU's girls, their basketball team and your article.

CHRISTOPHER T. JONES

Provo, Utah

Sirs:

As an ardent girl watcher for many years, I wish to take exception to Bob Ottum's statement that Brigham Young University has the prettiest girls in the world.

Utah girls are cute, to be sure, but classical beauties are actually quite rare. I have traveled extensively through 49 states, and there is only one university worthy of such a claim. From the standpoint of sheer quantity and quality, the University of Arizona has no peer.

EDWARD B. HILEMAN

Salt Lake City

RATTLEFRONT

Sirs:

We of the International Federation of Model Generals Clubs, whose membership includes most of the states of the Union as well as chapters in Canada, Puerto Rico, England, France and Algeria, should like to express our appreciation for the excellent article on Connecticut Charter Member Charles Sweet's war game (*A Little War Can Be a Lot of Fun*, Jan. 4).

It might be of interest to your readers to know that the most important figure in popularizing war games is H. G. Wells, whose book, *Little Wars*, first published as 1913 and now a collector's item, provided the initial impetus and direction for most of the rules and activities characteristic of the hobby today.

Although collectors of figures have several magazines at their disposal, the war-game hobbyists are especially dependent upon two publications: Jack Scruby's *Table Top Talk* (P.O. Box 89, Visalia, Calif.) and Don Feath-

continued



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10TH HOLE (continued)

erstone's *Wargamers Newsletter* (69, Hill Lane, Southampton, England).

GUARD DE GAI
Annandale-en-Hudson, N.Y.

Sirs:

As much as I enjoyed seeing a signpost to "New Canaan" and "Poundridge" in the photograph accompanying the article, I feel I should point out an anachronism. New Canaan did not exist before 1801. Up until then and including the Revolutionary War period, it was known as Canaan Parish. Upon incorporation as a town in 1801, a New was put before the Canaan due to the prior existence of another Canaan, Conn. to the north.

BARRY DE LAPP
New Canaan, Conn.

BWINGER

Sirs:

Having been interested in basketball for many years, I have wondered why my interest has lagged lately, and after some thought have come to the conclusion that it is the ease of scoring that makes it tiresome. When you compare it with ice hockey, football, baseball, etc., it seems sort of juvenile to have the scores up in the hundreds—and all too frequently the difference between the winner and loser is only two points.

My suggestion is to make it more difficult to score by having a moderately slow-swinging basket so that the player would have to learn to time his shot to the split second—when the basket is at rest or when it is at the low point in its orbit. True, this would require a radical change in the equipment, but why worry about this when it would inject a brand-new element in a game that now requires little science to score? The players would, I feel sure, welcome such a change, as they could devote their energies to a more scientific angle of play, and less to a mere marathon—debilitating to them and boring to the observers.

H. MALCOLM GILLETTE
Tomball, N.J.

AIR WAVE

Sirs:

Robert Boyle's article, *The New Wave in Sports* (Dec. 21), was great—except that it failed to mention soaring. Until about five years ago, a lack of training facilities restricted this sport to a select few, but since then there has been a rapid growth in commercial sailplane schools around the country. Now several thousand newcomers a year are discovering the thrill of silent flight in a sailplane. The fact that the FAA approves of solo flight by 14-year-olds is eloquent testimony to the safety of sailplane flying.

WILLIAM B. CEFARY
Oklahoma City

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2 "We had paddled up to the shark as it lurked in the shallows. I dove from the dinghy and grasped it from behind.



3 "Slowly I began to slip. Once free, the shark could rip me to pieces. But the natives moved in fast and hauled me aboard.



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